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NEW STATESMAN

THE NEW US PRESIDENT

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First Citizen of the World

Presidential elections have long since ceased to be merely the business of the United States. Given the dimensions of America's power, the outside world has a proper and legitimate interest in their outcome. As a candidate Mr Jimmy Carter never captured the international imagination in the way that Senator Kennedy did in 1960. But that may be all to the good: it is difficult today to recall the bluster and bombast of the Kennedy inaugural without feeling a blush of embarrassment. Mr Carter is altogether a lower key figure – indeed to the outside world he remains even after two years campaigning largely an unknown quantity.

He will, we are told, be more 'moralistic' in his approach to foreign policy than his predecessor. There is nothing wrong with that – indeed to the Kurds, the Cypriots, the Chileans and other victims of Dr Kissinger's duplicity such news may well come as a relief. Mr Carter has also displayed a refreshing readiness to see the African confrontation in far more clear cut terms of principle than those at any time reflected in Dr Kissinger's *realpolitik*. More discouraging has been the reliance he has so far chosen to place in the old insiders' club of the American foreign policy establishment. The vision of Cyrus Vance as Secretary of State or Zbigniev or Brzezinksi as White House national security adviser is, no doubt, mightily reassuring to the chancellories of Europe. It will do rather less to encourage the Third World – whose leaders may even be tactless enough to recall that such men were among the earliest architects of LBJ's Indochina policy. There is no lack of advisers with less stained credentials to whom Mr Carter could have turned, and it is puzzling that he should have preferred to place his trust in men who, having been so disastrously wrong once, hardly deserve a chance to be so again. Nor should the President-elect's rather newer friendship with Mr Ford's sacked Secretary of Defence, Mr James Schlesinger, count as a favourable omen. Dr Kissinger may well have deceived himself about détente, but that is no reason for going to the other extreme and reverting to America's cold war stance of the 1950s.

What Mr Carter needs to realise is that the exalted and the eminent now have far more need of him than he has of them. He can afford to let the jockeying professors and the jostling Foundation-minders – the famous 'in-and-outers' of the American political process – go hungry for once. His mandate, as he is so fond of saying, comes from the American people – not from any perfumed stockade in Washington or New York. If he genuinely intends to restore and repair America's reputation in the world, he will have to seek help outside the self-promoting clique that, regardless of the party in office, has largely shaped American foreign policy over the past two decades.

That is what Franklin Roosevelt did with the New Deal brains trust he brought to Washington in 1933 – and he had far more political debts to pay than Mr Carter has today. But that is not to argue that the President-elect should be content to surround himself simply with the Georgian coterie who managed his campaign: there he has before his eyes not so much an example as a warning – in the shape of Mr Nixon and the Californian advertising mafia he brought to Washington in 1969.

The 11-week grace period which Mr Carter now has in front of him before he mounts the Capitol steps will be as vital as any time during his actual presidency. He will need to make full use of it not just to reassure an at least partly sceptical American public that he is something more than a travelling evangelist who mistook his vocation, but also to convince the world of the seriousness of his commitment to being its future first citizen. Few men have ever been elected to the American presidency with less obvious qualifications or a more potent lack of international experience. But, again, that need not necessarily be a disaster. It is not, after all, as if the part the United States has played in the world over the past two decades has exactly earned those responsible for it a ringing vote of confidence. Mr Carter already represents a clean break with the past in domestic terms. He should not be shy of demonstrating that he is fully prepared to assume the same role internationally.

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Spotlight on Politics

James Fenton

While We're Waiting . . .

FENTON: Good morning. This is Jimmy Fenton in the Spotlight studios, and for the next page we will be bringing you up-to-date news and views on the current political situation as we await the results of the three crucial by-elections which could decide the future of the Labour government and its leader, Jimmy Callaghan. It's a cold bright Wednesday morning here, but in Westminster it's last Tuesday, and in Workington it's next Friday. Now here's Lobby Hack on the line from Westminster. Lobby, what's it like down there?

HACK: Well Jimmy, the mood here in Westminster is uncannily quiet and calm. The Labour Party seem pretty well exhausted. They've really taken quite a knocking recently, and the news of the latest poll forecasts, coming after the catastrophic fall in the pound, seem to have sent them reeling. The Tories are confident that things are going their way, but there is very little fight in them at the moment. It's coming up to the end of the legislative session and most members seem to be . . . seem to be pretty sleepy and . . . in need of a good night's . . .

FENTON: What about the – Lobby? Lobby! What about the voting figures if the by-elections go badly for Labour?

HACK: Well I'm glad you asked that, Jimmy. I have the figures here in front of me, and without the three vacant seats they look like this. Labour has 311 members as against 276 Tories, and that's perhaps the figure to keep your eye on. If you add Gerry Fitt and Frank Maguire plus the two SLP men to the Labour vote that gives you 315 for the Government against a total of 315 for the Opposition parties, but that of course is a big 'If'. The best the Tories could hope for is to win two of the by-elections, which would leave Government and Opposition balanced 316 to 315. It's too close for comfort, of course, and the Tories will be watching carefully for any opportunity of creating a snarl-up situation.

FENTON: Thank you, Lobby. Well, later on we'll get those election results but meanwhile with me in the studio is General Pundit of the *Guardian*. General, you've heard what Lobby said. Is there a potential snarl-up situation?

PUNDIT: There may very well be. Certainly the situation is being watched very closely in Bonn, by exceedingly high-powered sources, whose names, for obvious reasons, I can't pronounce.

FENTON: Yes, well, while we're waiting, it seems obvious that the Tories are going to get some very good news in the near future. But what will be the effect on the Shadow Cabinet itself? Will there be a re-shuffle, as Mrs Thatcher prepares her team? On the line is Tony Howard of the NEW STATESMAN. Tony, it's a long time since we've had you on this page, what's your view?

HOWARD: Well, Jimmy, I've a *pretty shrewd suspicion* she'll do something, either between the end of this session and the start of the new one on 24 November, or over Christmas, or some time next year. My instinct is, and it's no more than an instinct, that she senses the time is ripe to push out the boat. She's got a lot of slack in the rope and there's plenty of dead wood she can sacrifice without giving too many hostages to fortune.

FENTON: What about Julian Amery for Shadow Foreign Secretary?

HOWARD: Why do you say that?

FENTON: Well the other day a new Iron Curtain ambassador came up to Amery at a party (this was overheard) and said: 'Now I've met you I've fulfilled my third ambition on coming to England.' 'What were the other two?' asked Amery. 'The first,' said the ambassador, 'was to meet the real Foreign Secretary, secondly to meet the Shadow Foreign Secretary and thirdly to meet the real shadow Foreign Secretary.'

HOWARD: Is that story true?

FENTON: Yes. And I'll tell you another, rather topical, story about Amery. He was once making a speech in Workington, and he held out his arm in a dramatic gesture, whereupon one of the workers grabbed his hand and tried to bite it. Question is, I suppose, who would have died of the bite? By the way, are you eating a pole?

HOWARD: Mmm. I must say, I rather fancy Sir Peter Kirk – for the Foreign job, I mean. But it may be that Maggie's missed the boat on that one, for the moment. It's a little awkward to get rid of Reggie while all this Poulson business is going on. Anyway, it's quite a good idea to keep somebody expendable in the job she'll eventually have to give to Heath.

FENTON: But is it certain that she'd give that job to Heath? I was talking to this senior Tory chap (can't mention the name, you know the rules) and *he* said she could do worse than make Heath Chancellor. Why? Because, paradoxically, he's been so built up by Labour that he's got this image as the great statesman. The job is going to be ghastly. By the time he's finished it, nobody will want to know anything about him ever again, which would suit Maggie down to the ground.

HOWARD: I should think Heath would see through that one in no time. By the way, how much do I get for this?

FENTON: Oh, I'm afraid we don't . . . hallo? hallo? Well, we appear to have been cut off. Um (*shuffles papers*) well, we're still waiting for those results from Workington and Walsall and Newcastle, so, ah, with me in the studio is Tory Hopeful, MP. Tory, what's your view of what Mrs Thatcher is up to? Will she make any new dispositions?

HOPEFUL: It depends whether she really thinks it is imminent. Obviously there are some things she could do straight away, like making Michael Heseltine chairman of the party. That *Express* story about him becoming a shadow Chancellor was all wrong.

FENTON: Yes, I noticed the *Express* didn't even have the confidence to make it the lead story. But isn't it true that Mrs Thatcher needs a better team than the present one? Hasn't there been a lot of pressure from the party at large?

HOPEFUL: Well, yes there was, before the Brighton conference, and I had to spend a lot of time – and so did many of my colleagues – explaining to the constituencies that it was no good saying 'Bring in more young blood', because there was no way that young blood could make a reputation. Very few untried MPs (apart from figures like Rhodes Boyson) have been able to turn themselves into nationally known figures. So that was not the solution.

FENTON: And now?

HOPEFUL: Well now the situation is completely different. We're doing well in the polls and Labour is in a shambles. As a result, the Party at large is very happy. The pressure for a change of team has completely disappeared. It's true that we're not generally pleased with the way Sir Geoffrey Howe performs in the House, but we think the things he *says* are all right.

FENTON: But if Mrs Thatcher believes that an election is imminent, won't she need a better organised team?

HOPEFUL: Perhaps, but you see she's in something of a cleft stick. Supposing she changes everyone round, and then the Government falls, all her front troops will be new to their jobs. Again, if the time-span is short, it will look as if she's making her actual dispositions for government.

FENTON: So you don't expect a reshuffle?

HOPEFUL: I didn't say that. You pressmen always put the words into one's mouth. There may well be a reshuffle, and it is true that now Heath is informally back in the fold Thatcher can forget about the Maudlings and so on whom she needed before. But I doubt if a big reshuffle is on the way.

FENTON: Tory Hopeful, thank you very much. Don't go away, however, as we are just going over to the Walsall studios, where an important announcement is expected. Hallo Walsall . . . Walsall, are you there?

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Alexander Cockburn

Carter's The One

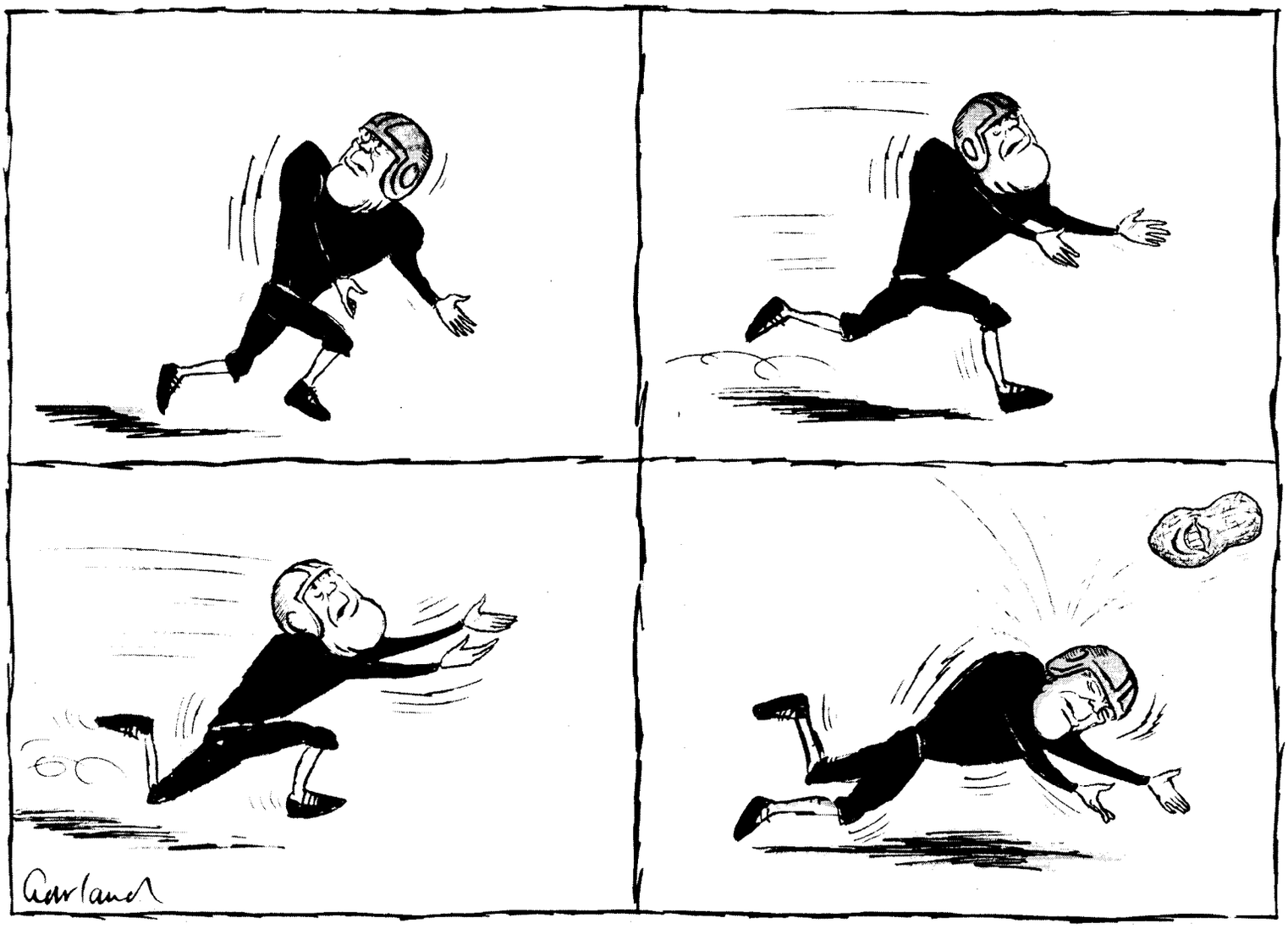
The South, the blacks, a handsome slice of the rural vote and just some of the big cities pushed Jimmy Carter to victory in the small hours of last Tuesday night. Indeed it was Mississippi, where Senators Eastland and Stennis – two diehard conservative Democrats – had campaigned vigorously for Carter, which delivered the electoral votes settling the matter. The night was full of surprises. It had been assumed, even despite the predicted closeness of the vote, that Carter would have no particular difficulties in the state of New York. Such was not the case. At 2 a.m. Wednesday morning Ford's campaign manager thought it worthwhile getting a court order to seal all ballot boxes, so close was the tally. Outstanding at dawn was the half million or so total of absentee votes.

All across the industrial Midwest, state after state divided the vote almost evenly, often with Eugene McCarthy's tiny percentage as an independent candidate holding the balance. Traditional bell-weather states, known for going with the victor, found themselves backing the loser for the first time in many years – Connecticut, New Mexico, almost Illinois. A glance at the electoral map amid the dying moments of the count showed what had happened. Ford ran strongly in the West and the Mountain states, and more strongly than can have been dreamed possible, only a few weeks ago, in portions of the Midwest and the East. But though he claimed almost half the popular vote he simply did not win enough of the large electoral voting blocs. He lost Texas: he lost Pennsylvania: he lost Missouri, he lost Wisconsin. Against an opponent who won 11 of the 13 southern states he simply could not afford such reverses.

Dire predictions went unfulfilled. On a clear, sunny day the much feared menace of 'apathy' did not keep the voters at home in significant numbers. The turn-out, at about 56 per cent, was about average and greatly helped Carter. Nor did the last-minute inconvenience of having it demonstrated that his own Baptist church in Plains was restricted to white worshippers apparently harm Carter among black voters. They supported him by margins often exceeding 90 per cent.

There are many ironies for Carter in this narrow victory. His success in Pennsylvania owed much to the machine of Mayor Frank Rizzo of Philadelphia, just the sort of representative of old-time Democratic politics with whom Carter often tacitly and overtly contrasted himself. His strength in Chicago owed a great deal to Mayor Daley. In both these states, and indeed in his strong though ultimately unsuccessful showing in Michigan, Carter depended greatly on organised labour, to which he made abundant promises in the dying moments of his campaign. The old Roosevelt coalition came through for Carter in the end, and in the light of this evident fact it will be hard for the new President to maintain – as he so often did throughout the campaign – that he will owe nothing to the 'special interests'.

For Ford, defeat can be read two ways. He is the first incumbent President since Herbert Hoover to have been ejected from office rather than accorded a second term. On the other hand, he defied the disadvantages of Watergate, of the Nixon pardon, of the recession, of renewed weakness in the economy, of often visible fumbling in office and during the campaign, to come within a hair of beating a man given a 30-point lead in mid-summer. He did it because he has an honest face and because the central issue of the campaign became the character of Jimmy Carter rather than the record of the President. In the last days of the campaign, as the polls showed the candidates evenly matched, it was abundantly apparent that Jimmy Carter had



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become the question in many people's minds. After a full year of public political activity many of the voters felt they did not know what he stood for, and many still don't. His accent and his religion bothered many. It was touch and go, after the fine talk about healing, whether the South would be 'readmitted to the union' after all and Carter become the first President from the Deep South in over a hundred years.

Some famous commotions of the campaign were not in the end significant. Carter's *Playboy* interview appears to have had small effect: similarly, Ford's strange comments on the political status of Eastern Europe seem to have had little enduring resonance. Less clear is the respective importance to each candidate of their running mates. Last weekend it was said that Mondale was adding three points to Carter's polling strength, with no equivalent extra sinew for Ford being supplied by Robert Dole. It is hard to conceive that the thought of Dole did not cause at least some undecided voters to grasp feverishly at the Democratic lever in the sanctuary of the polling booth. One fantasy commonly heard over the last few days was that a re-elected President Ford would finally be impeached over his role in the Watergate cover-up, then evicted from an office consequently receiving Dole. For a nation barely recovered from Nixon this would have been a possibly terminal shock.

Beyond the presidency, last Tuesday's voting caused little alteration of power in Congress. The balance of power in the House of Representatives, hugely favouring the Democrats, remains the same. The Republicans have picked up a couple of extra seats in the Senate, which also remains under the control of the Democrats. It should be stated here that astronauts now hold 2 per cent of Senate seats, with John Glenn, being joined by moon-walker Harrison Schmitt, who beat Senator Joseph Montoya in New Mexico. This gives astronauts somewhat excessive professional representation in the Senate. Montoya was of course a member of the famous Senate Watergate committee. He went down amid charges of financial irregularities. Another member of that committee, Senator Lowell Weicker, was re-elected in Connecticut by a huge majority.

There is one important new member of the Senate – Daniel Patrick Moynihan. He is the first elected Democratic Senator from New York since Robert Kennedy and his victory is all the more significant since he ran much more strongly than Carter in the state. It is plain enough who was hanging onto whose coat-tails. At the time of his victory in the primary I speculated that Moynihan could become a potent addition to what one could call the Scoop Jackson axis in the Senate. Moynihan's rhetoric throughout the campaign was consistently bellicose, so far as foreign policy was concerned. Since he ran ahead of Carter, and presumably contributed greatly to the latter's narrow victory in New York, Moynihan's tactical position in the Senate will now be strong, and in debates over the foreign policy of the new Administration, doubly influential. Altogether a good result for the military-intellectual complex.

There have been some incidental features of the campaign season that are diverting. Campaign financing laws, as has been widely noticed, produced a lacklustre political season, with little of the traditional hoopla. But the Supreme Court decision allowing candidates to spend as much of their own money as they wished produced some astounding outlays. John Heinz spent over $2.5m. of his own tomato sauce fortune to win a senatorial seat in Pennsylvania. Jay Rockefeller spent about the same to win the governorship of West Virginia.

Looking back over the whole political year, it is striking now to recall some of one's original reactions: namely that it then seemed barely credible that a peanut wholesaler from Georgia, a one-term Governor calling for the voters to trust him and feel faith in America, would triumph in the primaries and win the Democratic nomination. Simultaneously it seemed almost impossible that Ronald Reagan would almost snatch the Republican candidacy away from Gerald Ford. By mid-August Carter was at the summit of his political strength and Ford at his lowest ebb. At that point it seemed almost beyond the bounds of possibility that the American voters could enter the polling booths last Tuesday and endorse the nominee of a party which presided over Watergate, over the CIA and FBI disclosures, over recession, over corporate corruption. Hesitant to the very last, the American voters very nearly did just that.

Joseph Dickson

From the Rhodesian Front

The Rhodesian Special Branch officer hauled back the tent-pole supporting a hessian screen that ran round a concrete slab the size of a squash court. On the slab, face upwards, lay seven black Africans, dead and hollowed by the impact of army bullets. There was an eighth body, possibly a woman, but that was not shown to us. On a table beside the slab there were bottles of Jeyes's fluid, but they didn't kill the smell of death. The police claimed the bodies were those of terrorists. The officer in charge said no, they hadn't discovered any of the khaki slouch hats with leopard-skin bands which the Mozambique guerrillas favoured but then a younger policeman hastily whispered to his chief and yes, they had discovered a hat and here it was. Happy to take our eyes off the obscene red holes, we fingered the old sweat-stained hat which had belonged to one of the unnumbered Africans killed in Rhodesia's hideous war.

The war can only be seen through a glass, darkly. The Rhodesian government filters all news through censors and in the process adds a jingoistic note of hope. But no amount of news manipulation can hide the increasing intensity of the struggle on the Mozambique border. No white man outside the large towns would dream of being without a weapon. In a hospital in Chapinga, we watched the chief doctor moving from bed to bed in the African ward, laying his Uzi sub-machine gun on each bedcover before examining the patient. The Rhodesians have scraped every conceivable white male into their forces; the older men belong to the Police Reserve (known as Dad's Army) and patrol in their jungle fatigues with FN rifles held at the high port they learned long ago in pre-war Aldershot.

The black Africans, trapped between the terrorists and the white men, have to learn to live with both. Failure to report on a terrorist already carries severe punishment and is about to be made a capital offence; yet the Africans know that if they do inform on a guerrilla band their throats will probably be cut as a reprisal. Both sides use terror to influence what white Rhodesians like to call the 'average African', but if anything the institutionalised white terror is worse. The criminal courts, unencumbered by juries, dispatch their quota to the death cells, but the majority are sent to the rope from bush courts, convened in the operational areas by the security forces. A travelling judge presides and counsel are drawn from white lawyers serving in the defence forces. So a black African will find himself defended by a man in army uniform, who may well have been taking part in the operation which originally led to the prisoner's arrest.

The official security communiqués transmit an authoritative air of hope. So many terrorists killed today, so many captured. Yet the truth is that the Rhodesian forces cannot win. A white population of 270,000 cannot possibly raise a large enough army to patrol the whole of Rhodesia and already the eastern highlands contain large 'no-go' areas where the terrorists rule. In other areas the white farmers are beginning to realise that the Rhodesian army simply cannot protect them. Recently one white farmer beat off an attack on his farm-house from a terrorist band. Stark naked, he fired more than 700 rounds from his rifle while his wife desperately loaded the empty magazines he threw into the bedroom, and their five-year-old daughter lay under her cot. At the beginning of the engagement the farmer pressed his alert button and spoke to the nearest troops, 30 miles away: but no help appeared until well after dawn. The army could not afford to lose any trucks or land-rovers on the inevitable land-mines which had been planted in the dirt road leading to the farm. They might have sent helicopters, but Rhodesia's forces only have 19 helicopters to cover the whole country and even those are short on maintenance.

To supplement their single battalion of white regulars, the army also has two battalions of the Rhodesian African Rifles. These black troops are publicly praised for their efficiency and loyalty, but privately their white officers are aware that some black troops are making a kind of accommodation with the terrorists. The black

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police have their contacts with the guerrillas and feed information to the men from Mozambique as insurance against Liberation Day. But such knowledge is dangerous, and the white population do not choose to think about the limited loyalty of their uniformed Africans.

They have no such worries about the Selous Scouts, whose name is not mentioned lightly in Rhodesia. Offices have notices reminiscent of wartime Britain – 'Walls have ears' – and if the words 'Selous Scouts' are spoken there are plenty of people who tell you to lower your voice. The Scouts, whose activities and existence are not publicised, are a mixed-race unit. They are regarded as the elite force of the Rhodesian army and consist mainly of pampered black troops with white officers, most of whom grow beards as a piratical symbol of their unit. It was the Scouts who recently attacked the guerrilla camp in Mozambique. Between 70 and 80 black troops (with blacked-up officers) drove across the border in guerrilla-type uniforms. The genuine guerrillas were expecting the arrival of a Frelimo VIP and were consequently drawn up in parade formation on the square. The Selous Scouts, ignored as they debussed, simply enfiladed the parade ground with machine-guns. They suffered no losses and turned in an official enemy death-roll of 350. That was the point at which they ceased counting, and the Rhodesian army is convinced that the real number of Frelimo dead was probably double.

But such 'successes' are few and far between – and the propaganda value of the achievement was wasted by Salisbury's inept Department of Information which, taking three days to assimilate the facts, allowed the Frelimo version a free run of the world's newspapers. The only real weapon now left to an over-stretched Rhodesian army is pure terror. The Selous Scouts are rumoured to be masquerading inside Mozambique as terrorist patrols and many people, both black and white, believe that some of the massacres of African civilians inside Rhodesia are the work of the Scouts, in an attempt to convince the 'average African' that the terrorists are indiscriminately against black and white.

No one has proved more adept than Mr Smith at sustaining the fantasy world of the Rhodesian colonist. Even now, at Geneva, he and his delegation are cherishing their final illusion. By holding on to the portfolios for defence and law and order, the whites hope to defeat the guerrillas within the proposed two years of transitional government. That would depend on the lifting of economic sanctions and the consequent fallacy that a massive injection of military hardware will, of itself, be sufficient to defeat a guerrilla army. Then, the thinking goes, behind a screen of newly-bought helicopters and armoured cars a black majority government can be forged which will preserve the privileged status of the white popultaion. In Geneva that scenario may make sense to the Rhodesian Front delegation; but out in the border countryside, where the spring rains are thickening the foilage, the men in the leopard-skin hats know that, despite the hardware, history is on their side.

Corinna Adam

The Rebels of the Brighton Line

Perhaps it all dates back to the Sixties, when Sir Laurence (as he was) Olivier made his famous protest about kippers being taken off the breakfast menu on the Brighton train. Since it was the great man himself, the kippers were naturally restored within days. The fact remains that of all the rail commuters anxiously, indeed angrily contemplating the latest round of fare increases, those on the Brighton to London line are still the most vociferous and potentially the most militant.

Olivier's protest might now be regarded as frivolous, even self-seeking: but there is no doubt that it put new life into the rail commuters' lobby: the National Association of Rail Passengers now has some 30,000 paid-up members (50p a year) plus uncountable sympathisers and hangers-on. And to this day the movement seems to centre around Brighton; even now, its main spokesmen have Brighton phone-numbers and Sussex-based loyalties.

All of them, it must be said, intensely dislike the word 'commuter', preferring to be known as 'regular rail passengers', which is a mouthful. The objection is in part an attempt to get away from the brolly-swinging, ultra petit-bourgeois image that the word 'commuter' implies. 'They are very media-oriented, you know', said a faintly weary man from the Brighton *Evening Argus*. It is true that many of the people heavily involved in the movement reject not only the pin-striped image, but the political inferences which derive from it. 'Look,' said a girl on Victoria platform early last Tuesday, 'you must get it straight. We're into direct action now, like everyone else.'

Until now, commuter protests have been two-fold, but eminently reconcilable. Many have been directed against the railway unions, for example – the signalmen's go-slow which causes delay, the work-to-rule which means the 8.24 doesn't run and causes trouble at the office. The other side of the coin, complaining against British Rail itself, has been (and to a large extent will continue to be) scrupulously within the rules. A telegram of protest to the Prime Minister; a polite delegation to Richard Marsh or Peter Parker; letters to newspapers recalling the good old days.

And of course this old-fashioned kind of protest will continue, just as many commuters will remain the archetypal solid citizens who have four-bedroomed houses and read the *Daily Telegraph*, starting with personal ads. They will probably be people who are anxious to get to work (and back); who have chosen a secure, responsible, amicable way of life. It is this choice, encouraged and lauded by authority, which they now feel is being deliberately stolen from them.

As an example, take Mr James King (not his name). Mr King is in his middle twenties, has a wife and three children, and works for a London branch of one of the major clearing banks. He is paid £2,300 a year gross: his take-home pay comes to something over £1,800. After January, his season ticket from Brighton will cost him £489 a year. He can't work in Brighton – there are no comparable jobs available – and his personnel manager says he is in despair.

Mr King is not, by nature, the type of which rebels are made. But in January, or probably before, he will be taking the kind of 'direct action' which would normally make him flinch. It is nothing too dramatic – the organisers of NARP rule out anything which could cause any kind of physical damage. But Mr King will probably support the 'no-show' day which is planned for the near future, when all season-ticket holders will be encouraged to say sorry, they left their ticket at home. He might even support the 'no-go' day, when commuters will be encouraged to stage a one-day strike. He might decide to buy a ticket for what the Brighton commuters' spokesmen describe as 'a fleet of mini-buses standing at the ready for January', which will cost half as much as a train ticket but will take twice as long to get there, and will deposit passengers somewhere in Clapham.

It sounds a good idea; certainly the use of alternative forms of transport is being encouraged by such worthy bodies as the National Consumers' Association. But it has dangers: above everything, that if it is taken at all seriously it will ruin the interesting and potentially important discussions being conducted between commuters' organisations and the railway unions, on the understanding that they have a common cause. 'If they go by a private bus,' one of the porters at Victoria told me, 'that's it as far as I'm concerned. They're lucky to live in Brighton in the first place.' He lives in Brixton.

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Paul Johnson

Why Labour Betrays Socialism

What is the object of a Labour government? To promote socialism. How is this done? By transferring the ownership of production from private to public hands, in order to increase the generation of wealth, and ensure it is distributed fairly; by rewarding the industrious and helping the needy; and by applying intelligence and reason to the organisation of society. Next question: has the present Labour government advanced towards these objectives in the last two-and-a-half years? No. Has it in fact made them harder to attain? Yes.

Now, I don't suppose Jim Callaghan asks himself these questions, let alone answers them so frankly. He is not given to self-scrutiny or any other disquieting mental activity. By taste, temperament, instinct and experience, he is closer to the state of mind of, say, the average Tory backbencher, than of a socialist; and it is merely an accident of social origin that he is a Labour prime minister. Asked what his policy is, he is more likely to reply with a 'Steady as she goes', or some such meaningless nautical placebo, than to formulate a rational response which makes sense to a socialist. Nevertheless, there are plenty of people in the Labour Party who should be interrogating themselves along such lines, and who ought to be profoundly disturbed that the answers are so unsatisfactory.

For in the first place, a socialist government must *produce*. Without increasing the total of goods and services, which means not only raising productivity but making the maximum use of existing plant and manpower, a socialist government is nothing but a mockery, since it cannot do any of the things which it claims are its reasons for existence. What is Labour's record? It appears to have settled for an unemployment rate of 1 to 1½ million as a permanent fact of life. Chancellor Healey told Labour's NEC recently that there could be no question of spending public money directly to create jobs, since there was no money to be had. He went on to say that the government's objective was for a growth rate of 8 per cent for three years in a row. Such optimism is not merely hilarious but downright insulting. When Labour took office in 1974, the manufacturing index stood at 109.3 for the second quarter (on a 1970 base of 100). By the beginning of 1975 it had fallen to 105.9. By early 1976, it had dropped still further to 101.6. In some months during Labour's term of office it has actually been below the 1970 base, and at present it is less than two points above it. In short, under the present government we have had not so much nil growth as minus growth. Why should we suddenly switch to a growth-rate never before attained in our history?

Well, then: what about rewarding the industrious and helping the needy? The present government is engaged in a deliberate policy (in the sense that it is the inexorable consequence of its decisions) of reducing real incomes. And, by its failure to control the money supply, and so the inflation rate, this assault on living standards has necessarily fallen most heavily on the poorest. As everyone knows, the poorest spend the largest proportion of their income on food. In the last year alone, food prices, despite subsidies, rose by 20 per cent. By next April, the government plans to scrap the subsidy on flour, halve it on bread, and severely reduce it on butter and cheese. At the same time, even if ministers do not give way to growing pressure to devalue the 'green pound' – and they will – prices of basic home-produced food will rise sharply next year, and imported supplies will reflect the much-reduced value of the pound. The poor will go hungry in 1977. What does the government propose to do about it? Nothing.

The anti-socialist cast of government policy, its flagrantly contrasting attitudes towards different wealth-groups in society, is illustrated even more strikingly in its handling of savings. For the poor and the ordinary wage-earner, it has a National Savings scheme which involves 60 monthly contributions of a minimum of £4 over five years. The borrowed money is then returned, increased proportionately by the amount of the rise in the Retail Price Index. The small saver thus gets his money back in real terms, but is paid no interest at all. The government borrows his or her money for nothing, and dubs it a privilege that it doesn't also confiscate part of the capital. What about the rich; the big savers? By contrast they, thanks to Mr Healey, now get 15-per-cent-plus on their money; in many cases they will be getting rates of 19 or 20 per cent. This is not the haphazard working of wicked market forces but the direct consequence of Healey's decision to raise minimum lending rates. The rate was 8 per cent in 1970. In 1971-72 it was as low as five per cent (under a Conservative government, be it noted).

The truth is that we have in office a usurer's government. Moreover, the fact that the Chancellor has made it impossible to borrow money at much less than 20 per cent is in flagrant conflict with the activities of his colleague, the Secretary for Prices and Consumer Protection, who is hounding TV rental companies because their profits are 'too high'. How high? Oh, between 15 and 20 per cent. We have here, in short, an almighty muddle; but it is certainly not a socialist muddle.

Super-dear money is, of course, fatal to investment. As Francis Bacon noted at a time when money was cheaper than it is now: 'Usury doth dull and damp all industries, improvements and new inventions, wherein money would be stirring, if it were not for this slug.' At present it is virtually impossible to borrow money for manufacturing investment in Britain. Is it a socialist object to discourage investment? No; obviously not. How, then, does the present government propose to resolve this problem? By investing public money. Where is this money to come from? No answer. The government has lumbered itself with such an enormous burden of debt (£12,000m. for nationalised industries alone) that interest payments are now the biggest single item in its recurrent expenditure. And it has further lumbered itself with grossly inflated, notoriously underworked and munificently overpaid civil and local government services. These locust-like armies eat the seed-corn and make it increasingly difficult for investment cash to be provided from public funds – index-linked pensions of the central government alone now cost over £1,000m. a year. How has this been allowed to happen? Is it a socialist object to accumulate vast foreign debts? No. Is it a socialist virtue to roam the world like a seedy Micawber, perpetually cadging money from prosperous capitalist powers? No. Should socialists create a huge bureaucracy, and endow it with privileges denied to the rest? Is it socialism to place all the financial burdens on the wealth-creating sector of society? No, no, no. Why, then, is the Labour government doing these things? No answer.

One reason, of course, why the government cannot reduce the size, salaries and perks of the central and local bureaucracies is that they are now protected by powerful and militant unions, who are taking more MPs onto their payrolls for additional security. And this is merely one way in which unions inhibit the Labour government from creating a situation in which socialist polices might conceivably be pursued. Why should Labour ministers have to govern under the shadow of a union veto? Is it socialist to have rival centres of power to the democratically elected government? Emphatically not. On this point socialists have always agreed with Thomas Hobbes: 'For all uniting of strength by private men is, if for evil intent, unjust; if for intent unknown, dangerous to the public.' He compared the legitimate power-centre, Parliament, to the muscles of the body; all others are 'wens, biles and apostems, engendered by the unnatural conflux of evil humours'. Yet it seems a kind of law of nature that a British Labour government must always carry the unions, like the Old Man of the Sea, clamped round its neck. In the new, just published volume of Crossman's *Diaries* there is a touching picture of a frustrated Harold Wilson, in March 1967, musing on 'the idea of forming a Labour Party independent of the

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unions, like the American Democratic Party'. Nothing came of it. Like the poor (and the unemployed) the 'wens, biles and apostems' are always with us.

The increasing unwillingness of members of the Labour movement to seek the truth about themselves and where they are going, and to recognise it when it is thrust under their noses, accounts for what can only be described as the party's intellectual collapse in recent years. Of course the government, being now the helpless victim of events, has no time for strategy. As Dr Johnson put it: 'A man doubtful of his dinner, or trembling at a creditor, is not much disposed to abstract meditation or remote inquiries.' In any case serious thinking can only be based on truth, and because the truth about Labour is too awful to face, everyone – from cabinet ministers to ordinary party workers – falls back on vacuous slogans, the lowest-common-denominator clichés, and dregs from the ancient vats of the Thirties and Forties, once filled with the heady wine of socialism. Labour is in imminent danger of usurping the Tory title of 'the stupid party'. I followed the antics at Blackpool from the United States, where I noted down a few jewels of conference wisdom, not from the rank and file but from those occupying high places in the movement. 'I would be in favour of Britain adopting a siege economy, cutting ourselves off from the rest of the world.' 'We should tell the IMF that if they will not grant us an unconditional loan, we will not take it.' 'Once the speech by the Prime Minister has been digested, the pound will strengthen.' 'We should tell the IMF that they have to bail us out or we go down, and if we go down we pull half the developed world with us.' 'The world cannot afford to let the British economy collapse.'

One hears similar ravings on the radio. Thus, one union leader recently blamed the whole thing on what he termed 'multinational conglomerates'. His copious expatiation on this theory was difficult to follow, but I was much struck by his loving repetition, over and over again, of these two words, to him beautiful and all-potent; just so, in 1452, did the Orthodox clergy of Byzantium howl their litanies at the advancing Turkish hordes, in a vain attempt to save their city. I heard yet another Labour satrap tell listeners that those who were selling sterling were 'totally irrational'. It is, of course, a common illusion among the mentally disturbed that the world outside is mad; and the Labour movement, in its retreat from the truth, similarly takes refuge in rodomontade, on the lines of 'Fog in the Channel: Continent Isolated', and in hallucinations, seeing monstrous plots everywhere. The fall in the pound, one major union leader told the conference, is 'an international effort to defeat the growth of socialism'.

Really? What socialism? Where exactly is it growing? True, you can still hear vague socialist noises. Earlier this year it was explained that the growth of public spending was, in itself, a form of socialism. We owe this dazzling insight to Michael Foot, the symbol (we are told) of the party's integrity, etc. Is it, however, socialist to spend above your income? Well, no – not exactly. And in any case, is not the question of what you spend it on, and how you spend it, relevant to socialist objectives?

Again, there is a constant hubbub of noise about nationalisation. But what happens *after* nationalisation? Silence. Inside the government, little or no attempt is made to make nationalisation work. The frivolity with which Labour governments approach the topic is well illustrated by Crossman's account of how the cabinet treated the 1967 white paper on the nationalised industries, which involved vital issues of policy and which he described as 'enormous'. It turned out that he was the only member of the cabinet who had read it. He goes on: 'We had exactly twenty minutes to consider it . . . As I got up from the table I said to Callaghan: "This is a very poor paper." "What does it matter?" he said, "it's only read by a few dons and experts. Personally as Chancellor I couldn't care less. I take no responsibility and I took no part in composing it." Here was a key issue of socialist strategy and the Chancellor of the Exchequer washes his hands of it.' Yet the cabinet over which Callaghan now presides has a massive programme of nationalisation, which it insists on equating with socialism. What is so tremendously socialist about the behaviour of the Gas and Electricity boards, the Post Office or British Rail? Do not these unloved organisations resemble, not so much public services as blind and gigantic conspiracies against the ordinary consumer? Yes; they do, actually. Then why is it socialist to add to their number? These questions are no longer asked in Labour circles. No one dares to ask them. Instead, the ritual, liturgical clamour for more public spending and more nationalisation goes on, the object of the exercise being lost to sight. So, Konrad Lorenz noted, does the male stickleback carry out its elaborate mating dance, a performance so obscured by ritual that its original object has been totally forgotten.

But if the Labour government does not, and seemingly cannot, advance the elementary and obvious purposes of socialism, what is it *for*? Mr Callaghan would react angrily to this question, rather like a chief petty officer invited to explain why one salutes the quarter-deck. Because it's there, you fool. No doubt Callaghan feels like the king in the cartoon, who was asked by an impudent child what he did all day. 'What do I do all day? I *reign*, that's what I do.' Socialism, said Aneurin Bevan, is about priorities. Yes; and a Labour government is about quangos, life peerages, and other delicious things. It is no accident that the chief relic, indeed the only important relic, of those interminable Wilson years was a vast increase in government patronage. No accident, either, that Mr Callaghan has already crisply indicated that, in this respect at least, he fully intends to follow his old leader's example. Socialism may be a dream, but jobs-for-the-boys are an ever-present reality, the real nitty-gritty of politics. What is a public-owned corporation for? Why, to provide well-paid and undemanding sinecures for former cabinet-ministers, senior Labour Party hacks, and other unemployables in good standing with Downing Street. Is that why Labour wants more of them? Obviously, brother. But enough of these endless questions. Sticklebacks of the world unite! Don't you see that everything is part of the gigantic strategic plan to make Labour 'the natural party of government'? And socialism has nothing to do with *that*, thank God.

David Haworth

The EEC's Deep Water Fishing

Here is a sly puzzler put by one of the EEC ministers at last weekend's talks here when he asked, after the meeting, what the difference was between the Council of Europe and the European Community. The Strasbourg-based organisation is moribund and no one could care less, said he, briskly answering his own question. The other is . . . well, there are still many prepared to invest much time and money in the enterprise. Both are in a state of crisis, so long as people continue to talk about crisis it must mean something relevant is going on. I think the Dutch Foreign Affairs Secretary of State, Mr Laurens Brinkhorst, deserves ten out of ten for both the insouciance and pragmatism of these sentiments – and maybe even a place at the top in the Roy Jenkins Commission next year.

Grumbling that their weekend was short, the ministers performed the way they had to on the vexed question of fisheries policy: they reassured Dr Garret FitzGerald – a nagging presence these days – about his in-shore fishermen and stitched together a rather less substantial fig-leaf for Mr Crosland to wear when next he speaks from a Grimsby fishbox. Someone was bound to say, as always on these occasions, that the result was a victory for common sense – and many obliged in several different languages. But this relief will be short-lived. While Dr FitzGerald has graciously allowed the EEC to begin negotiations with Iceland, he and Mr Crosland continue to demand 50-mile fishing limits for their respective countries which they must know – indeed *do* know – they won't get. But before they are through there will be a lot of fishknives hand-to-hand in dark alleys, if a common Fisheries Policy is to be agreed.

This pleasant Toytown has a name whose resonance echoes down the years in the context of European integration. It is appropriate that the next EEC summit here will dismiss Tindemans report on European Union. Pre-summit talks on this were also held here last weekend. The Belgian Premier has in recent months behaved like a petulant junior at the end of term: if nobody likes

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my report, he snaps, then I'm going to stamp my foot – so there. This awesome threat will probably have to be carried out. It's unlikely the report's dissection will be completed in time for the summit. Neither will the process bring agreement on whether major foreign policy decisions should in future be taken by majority votes in the EEC Council of Ministers. As accord on this would amount to a transfer of sovereignty from national capitals to Brussels, no one should be surprised. Put it this way: what would have happened to FitzGerald's delay of the reciprocal fishing mandate for third countries if the Tindemans system was operating?

Reporting the EEC foreign ministers gives an inevitable impression of momentum. With statements and communiqués, leaks and asides, the sheer self-importance of their talks is infectious. How very different it is when the EEC is dealing with internal policy. Although the finance ministers, for example, are committed to monthly meetings, such is their despair with what they characterise as 'economic divergence', that lunches at these encounters are frequently longer than the formal session. Eat, drink and be merry. Tomorrow we devalue.

To be fair, the Dutch presidency has produced the Duisenburg Report on controlled floating – even though there has been no decision to implement it yet. Last weekend the ministers unblushingly emerged with the platitude that there has to be 'parallelism' between the EEC's internal and external policies which, at this last stage, is like having neat rows of deck-chairs on the *Titanic*. There wasn't parallelism before enlargement and that very act has critically worsened the divergence since then. Even Mr Max van der Stoel, the Dutch president of the EEC ministerial council and a man of measured sentiment, admits 'there is a logical limit to the community developing its external relations at the expense of internal policies otherwise there will be a collapse'. He believes that limit has not yet been reached, but with the Greek membership talks gathering speed it can hardly be long delayed unless EEC governments take a radically different approach to their common problems. If Tindemans is not the answer – what is?

Moreover, the next summit is going to be dominated by external relations in which heads of government will try to put together a united approach on how to deal with the next phase of the so-called North-South dialogue and what the Common Market haves are to say to the Third World have-nots about their debts. No doubt the summiteers will do something. But in this respect, as in others, these thrice-yearly gatherings are eroding the European Commission's functions by taking away its Treaty of Rome right of initiative. It is not too fanciful to think that if this trend continues, by the end of the decade inter-government contact, wearing a spurious EEC label, will largely bypass the Commission, leaving it to dabble in good works like its anaemic second cousin in Strasbourg? Mr Roy Jenkins will be the last Commission president with a chance to recover the initiative. But, with reference again to Mr Brinkhorst, will that particular EEC crisis *matter*?

The Hague

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Profile: Jimmy Carter

The Man Who . . .

There is simply no straightforward way in which the next President of the United States can be described. Little can be asserted, nothing guaranteed. The appropriate literary form in which to ensconce him is really the heroic couplet, the malicious antitheses of Dryden or of Pope. As Blake remarked of the latter poet, Carter hangs one jingling padlock on the mind; and the problem the American electorate had in figuring out the combination nearly wrecked him in the last days of the campaign.

Carter is the man who has said frequently that the imposition of civil rights for all was the finest thing that has happened to the South in his lifetime: he is also the man who commended the 'ethnic purity' of neighbourhoods in the heat of the primaries. Carter is the man who hung a portrait of Martin Luther King in the Georgia statehouse: he is also the man who said, near the end of his campaign, that the Warren Supreme Court had gone too far in endorsing 'technicalities', favouring defendants and impeding police officers. Carter is the man who ran a 'redneck' campaign in Georgia in 1970: he is also the man who chose the liberal Senator Fritz Mondale as his running-mate in this campaign.

Carter is a man who has been running for office, on and off, for well over a decade: for State Senator, for Governor and finally for President. A considerable portion of his life – desolating in the imagination of ordinary men – has been spent shaking hands, raising money, making promises, shaking more hands. In his own memoir he states that during his successful gubernatorial campaign he and his wife Rosalynn 'personally shook hands with more than 600,000 people in Georgia – more than half the total number who vote'. In this perspective simple analytic contrasting of the office-seeker with the office-holder is plainly inadequate. President Carter will, no doubt, be seeking office again in 1980. The office-holder will again become the office-seeker.

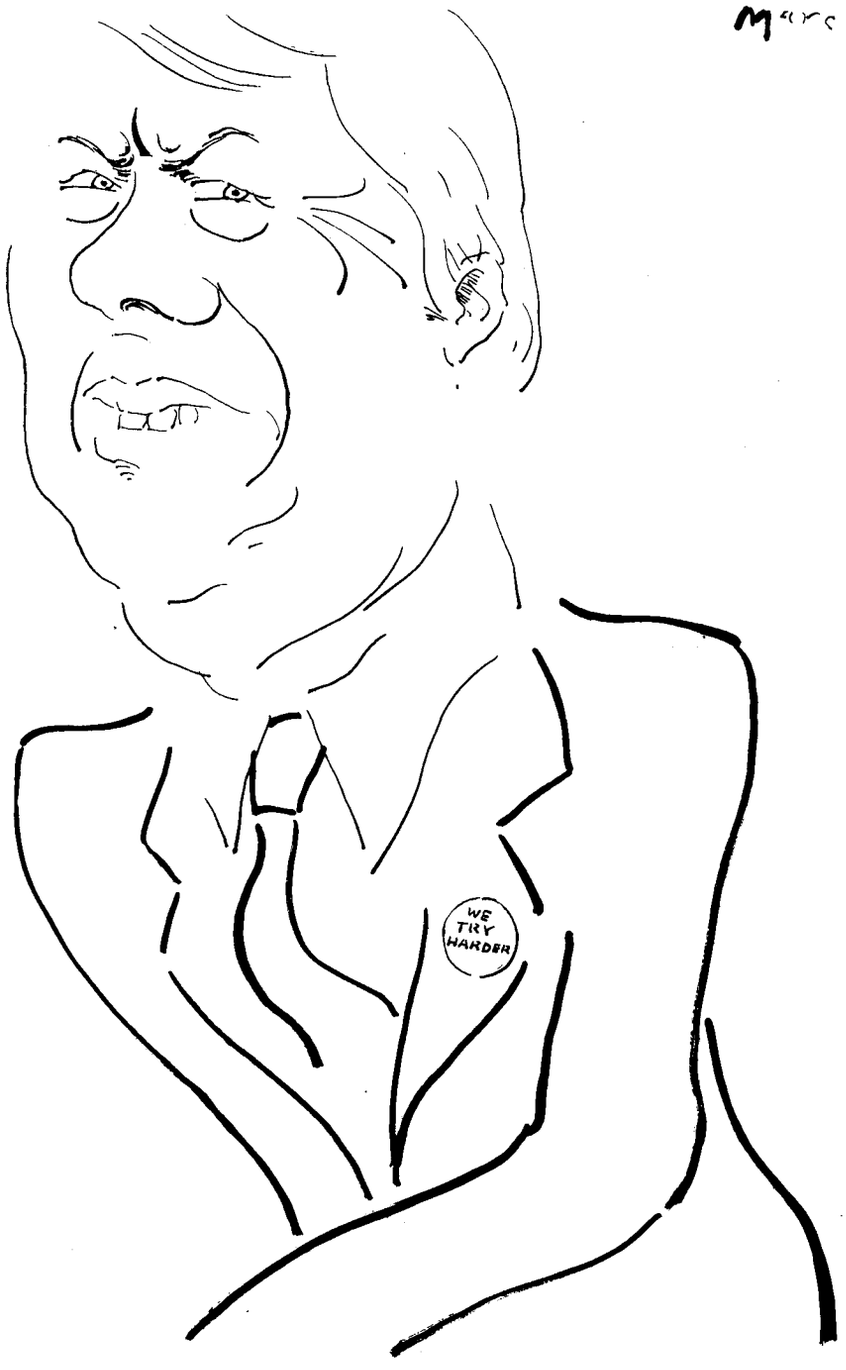
This fact is often overlooked by admirers seeking to distinguish the grinning figure on the campaign trail from the disinterested legislator finally installed in office. Liberals, discomforted by Carter's words of praise for the Burger Court or by his asides on ethnic purity, by his swerves to Left and Right throughout the year, argue that at heart he is a friend of the poor and the down-trodden and a foe of what Carter in his more populist moments calls 'the big-shot crooks'. Conservative Democrats profess that they have similar confidence in a 'real' Jimmy Carter, unenthused about serious tax reform, big spending programmes, cuts in the defence budget and the like. Ample evidence can be found to support both positions – so much so that one supporter cried, in the last days of the campaign: 'The choice is between Jekyll and Hyde . . . and Hyde.'

The ambiguities suffuse the reports of those who have worked closely with him. He is often described as outwardly charming, privately cold and humourless. He speaks of compassion, yet the assessment of one admiring foreign policy adviser was that Carter was one of the most vindictive men he had ever met. Because Carter made his own character one of the central issues in this campaign year, revelations of its inevitable complexities have been more than normally startling.

For much of this year Carter has been sustained by a pastoral myth: the poor Southern boy become prosperous peanut farmer: the peanut farmer become reforming Governor: the reforming Governor sallying forth from the spurned South to become the prophet of love, justice and hope across the United States. Enveloped in this myth, Carter called for the willing suspension of disbelief, sought to turn the election into a cleansing ritual and only at the last found himself facing possible defeat at the hands of a regular, dumb, all-American pol.

What can one tell from his background? Carter had a relatively secure upbringing during the Depression. His father, Earl Carter, was a person of substance in South-West Georgia, amassing sizeable land holdings acquired from insurance and mortgage companies foreclosing on those bankrupted by hard times. Earl Carter was, by all accounts, authoritarian and 'unreconstructed' in his political and racial views. Jimmy's mother, Lillian, provided the liberal leavening. Political realities must have been doubly born in on the young Carter, since it was under the sponsorship of a local Congressman that he gained access to the US Naval Academy at Annapolis half-way through the Second World War. The notion that Carter has always been in opposition to vested political interest is simply ludicrous, particularly in a one-party state such as Georgia where such alliances are all important.

Carter spent 11 years away from home.



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His naval career was not exceptional, and indeed has only been rendered memorable by his frequent allusions to the immense influence exercised on him by the austere and demanding Hyman Rickover, father of the nuclear navy. His contact with Rickover was, in fact, fleeting and his immersion in nuclear physics less than subsequently advertised. Nonetheless this nautical sojourn remained his only extended foray outside Georgia until the early Seventies.

He returned home, upon the sudden death of his father, to run the family interests. Over the years, through competent management, timely loans from the Small Business Administration and the federal subsidies enjoyed by the Georgian peanut farmers, he built up a successful warehousing concern. He is now a millionaire. He also, in the late Fifties, mounted one of the first rungs on the American political ladder – appointment to the local county school board.

A school board in Georgia in the 1950s was no haven of liberalism, and the records show that if Carter was no bigot he was no reckless crusader for social justice either. The great storms which swept over the South in the 1950s and 1960s do not seem conspicuously to have afflicted him. His term as a state senator was most remarkable for the fight he put up to acquire the office, successfully contesting truly remarkable ballot stuffing by his opponent.

In 1966 Carter made his first bid for the governorship of Georgia, losing in a primary which eventually propelled Lester Maddox into office. As he put it later: 'I did not intend to lose again.' He campaigned for the next four years. During this time he underwent the experience of being 'born again', establishing a more 'intimate' contact with his Redeemer in the course of a walk in the woods with his sister, the faith-healer Ruth Stapleton. In 1970, after a dirty campaign in which he pandered to some of the more distateful instincts of the Georgian voters, he triumphed at last and was elected Governor of Georgia.

As Governor, Carter attempted rationalisation of the state bureaucracy, in much the same spirit as a businessman might try to make sense of an irrationally structured conglomerate. His concept of 'zero-base budgeting', a system of cost controls which he has raised to the level of myth, was culled from the pages of the *Harvard Business Review*. On balance he emerged as a relatively liberal and humane administrator. He was not however popular with his fellow Governors, who found him calculating and self-promoting to a fault.

The impression Carter gave, as he launched himself on his presidential drive in late 1973, was of someone earnestly learning how best to be a candidate for the Democratic nomination, as though from a manual of instruction. Indeed, such a manual was compiled by his campaign manager. He was to read the *New York Times* every day, cultivate influential journalists visiting Atlanta, and he was to expand his slight knowledge of international affairs. To hand, fortuitiously, was the trilateral commission – an assemblance of politicians and businessmen, chaired by David Rockefeller and directed by Zbigniev Brzezinksi, which devoted itself to mutually advantageous contacts between the US, Western Europe and Japan. Carter emerged from his tutorials under Brzezinski and others with an array of foreign policy and defence positions narrowly to the Left of those exercised by Henry Kissinger.

Domestically he equipped himself with a similar array of carefully considered positions. He then strove to avoid expounding either set by confining himself as much as possible to commendations of integrity and trust and vaporous imprecations against big government and the mess in Washington. Ultimately disturbing was not the 'mussiness' of such positions, but the rapidity with which Carter has been prepared to dismember them in favour of some more advantageous pose. The eventual impression, accentuated during the television debates, is of someone who, very uncertain of himself once pushed beyond the designated circumference of his policies; was simultaneously confused and obstinate once political circumstances have propelled him onto new and unknown terrain. What has been startling at such moments of crisis for him is not his ruthless cunning but his naïveté.

Carter believes in family, in God and, acutely, in the presidency. His references to the office sometimes acquire an almost mystical timbre. He has finally been elevated to it almost in spite to himself. His somewhat brittle personality may contain the populist, crusading emotions detected by his liberal admirers but the biography reveals, above all, and amid the obsessive ambition, a curious combination of rigidity and, contrarily, submissiveness to quotidian political circumstance. The rigidity fondly referred to by Carter as an 'inability to compromise' could become frightening. The submissiveness – no doubt fostered by a decade's campaigns and pledges – makes one particularly hesitant to forecast the shape and strategy of his Administration, once the brave talk and high declarations of principle of the first few weeks have been forgotten.

Jeremy Bentham

Over-Privileged Members

Disraeli's famous comment through the mouth of Egremont in *Sybil* that 'I was told that the Privileged and the People formed Two Nations governed by different laws' finds a ready modern echo. And to discover an important species of the Privileged one need go no further than the House of Commons in which Disraeli won his political spurs. It is a disquieting paradox that a Parliament claiming to represent the People should in many respects proclaim so arrogantly that its Members are above the ordinary law by virtue of cherished rules of parliamentary privilege.

Of course, such rules have an utterly respectable pedigree in the 17th-century struggles for parliamentary supremacy. The most important privilege, that of free speech in parliamentary proceedings, is enshrined in article 9 of the Bill of Rights, 1688. But good breeding and ancient lineage are not, by themselves, adequate justifications for preserving such privileges. We may agree that Parliament is something very special and needs to be given some protection against interference with its proper functions (always assuming that we can agree upon what those functions are); but there is strong evidence that the jealously maintained rules of privilege can operate against the public interest and, ultimately, to the detriment of Parliament's own image and authority.

One recurrent problem is the tendency of MPs to invoke privilege in contexts that are a far cry from any need to protect Parliament from real interference with the discharge of its proper functions (to paraphrase the test set out in *Erskine May*). This was seen at its most absurd when, at a time of fuel rationing during the Suez crisis, the editor of the *Sunday Express* was solemnly called to the Bar of the Commons and made to apologise for publishing derogatory remarks about Members' petrol allowances. Only a year ago the Commons came within nine votes of sustaining a recommendation by the Select Committee of Privileges that sanctions be meted out against the editor and a staff writer of the *Economist* for prematurely publishing a draft report of the Select Committee on the Wealth Tax. In 1967 a Commons Select Committee recommended considerable refurbishing of the rules of privilege (the latter to be re-christened 'rights and immunities'), but the recommendations have been virtually ignored.

A much more serious issue arises from the current concern about allegedly corrupt conduct by MPs in connection with the Poulson scanadal. The Royal Commission on Standards of Conduct in Public Life was forced to accept that MPs are protected by the law of privilege from criminal prosecution for corrupt conduct in the course of their parliamentary work; but, without expressing a view on the merits, it recommended that Parliament should consider the desirability of modifying this immunity. There the matter might have rested had it not been for the recent exposures in the *Observer* which have shocked many parliamentarians out of their insular complacency.

In many respects the present internal, private parliamentary inquiry into particular allegations against MPs epitomises the worst aspects of parliamentary privilege, particularly since many of the principal actors in the squalid drama of Mr Poulson have already been convicted by the ordinary criminal courts. Once this inquiry has run its unsatisfactory course, Parliament must see that its ancient privileges are put into the dustbin where they belong. Privilege is a form of corruption masquerading under another name.

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Mary Kenny

Home News from Abroad

'I do like the Kingdom very much,' said the German businessman sitting next to me on a flight from Brussels; 'the Kingdom' was his quaint way of talking about Britain. 'But I have two criticisms. In the first place, everyone rises so late in the morning – it is impossible to talk to anyone in the City before 10 a.m., whereas I start working at 7.30. And your media seems very self-obsessed – especially television. Apart from Africa, it seems to be all about British affairs.'

It was difficult to argue with him about the dilatory habits of British management and financiers, but the apparent introspection of the British media has a fair explanation – in the first place Britain's present plight needs attention and analysis; and in the second, the falling purchasing power of the pound abroad must mean that it's getting more and more expensive for journalists to cover foreign stories. It can cost a newspaper £700 a week to send a reporter to the United States now – and that is not living lavishly. Peter Pagnamenta, the editor of BBC-1's *Panorama* says that he now reckons on a budget of at least £50 per day per person for crews working in Europe – three years ago it was about £25 to £30 a day. And the result, quite simply, is that in current affairs we are now going 50-per-cent less coverage abroad than three years ago.' In Brussels, the foreign press corps had noticed the retrenchment of the popular press; the *Daily Express*'s office in the new Press Centre was closed down; the *Mail*'s staff man now covers the EEC from Paris; the *Daily Mirror* man works from home.

Reporters themselves have become acutely, sometimes comically, aware of the ever-tightening belt. *The Times*'s foreign staff has been asked to talk more quickly on the telephone and to sub-edit their own copy. 'In the old days,' an Irishman lamented, 'a foreign trip was a licence to print money. Now you're lucky if you get a duty-free bottle of whisky out of it.' For most, the days of travelling first-class are over – though not for all. Some newspapers still consider it a matter of prestige that their correspondents should be seen to live well. 'Outside of Europe, our people always travel first-class,' says the *Daily Mirror* foreign editor, Nick Davies. 'We're not in a parlous state, you know, like *some* people.' And what would the gnomes of Zurich think if the *Financial Times* representative was seen to be staying at the Pension Bon Marché? 'Obviously, people are cautioned "don't overspend",' says the foreign editor of the *FT*, Alain Cass, 'but obviously they stay at the hotels where they're likely to meet their contacts'. Even so, the *FT*, a rich paper which is proud of its foreign coverage, and claims that it carries more foreign stories than any other newspaper in the western world with the exception of the *New York Times*, makes it the general rule that journalists travel tourist-class now.

The falling pound obviously has put constraints on foreign reporting; the *Daily Telegraph*'s staff in Paris has been reduced from three to two, in Bonn from three to one. *The Times* has 'not replaced' several of their offices abroad when staffmen have returned. The three colour magazines belonging to the *Sunday Times*, *Observer* and *Sunday Telegraph* are noticeably more home-oriented than in the Sixties and early Seventies, and one can think of places abroad undergoing domestic crises or social change which seem remarkably under-covered – Corsica, Switzerland, the Far East, North Africa and Latin America. The days are gone when an editor would send you to Sardinia just because it was interesting. 'Mary, you'd better go to Copenhagen,' Charles Wintour, the editor of the *Evening Standard* would say to me in 1973-74 in the same way as he might say 'You'd better go to Penge'; or 'Why don't you take a look at the way a French farmer actually *lives* – it'd be fascinating to know'. 'For the last two years,' Charles Wintour says now, 'all foreign assignments have had to be costed more carefully; none of us can afford so many eyes on the outside world.' It's not just that £50-a-day living expenses for the journalists that newspapers have to think of either; it's the import of newsprint, the sluggish economy generally and the rise in the cost of minimum lending rates. 'It's the whole state of the industry.'

'The golden days of the foreign correspondent are over, and will never, ever return,' says Roy Wright, the editor of the *Daily Express*. 'The days when Viscount Castlerosse would go to Nice for Beaverbrook Newspapers and when he found that the water supply was cut off – simply ordered a thousand bottles of Vichy water for his bath; the days when Northcliffe considered his foreign correspondents his ambassadors and that they should never even have to stoop to filling out expense sheets – they should just be given what they asked for. The capital costs of maintaining foreign bureaux are really becoming prohibitive for any realistic newspaper; a foreign bureau is really a big apparatus, involving cars, secretaries, telex machines, rental costs. It's out.' And there are other inhibitions, also linked with the nervous state of the economy. 'Quite understandably,' says Peter Pagnamenta, 'trade unions have become stricter about crewing regulations.' There is more difficulty in using local crews on foreign assignments and unions are, he says, being more correct about the full quota of crew members being used. In commercial television, moreover, crews insist on travelling first-class for journeys over 1,000 miles.

Other services have escalated too – especially for television people – not merely in relative but also in absolute terms. It so happens that electricians' and carpenters' services on the Continent have greatly increased in cost over the last few years. The last time *Panorama* did an interview with Giscard d'Estaing, lighting the President's face cost more than the return fares of both the producer and reporter – £350 for an hour's lights.

Even such a relatively cheap medium as radio is feeling the pinch. BBC Radio's foreign correspondents have been told to cut costs by 10 per cent. 'One of the effects of this is that they can travel much less in the countries where they're placed,' complains Larry Hodgson, the head of radio's foreign news section. 'And they still have to maintain the same standard of service.'

That is a point: do the restrictions now being forced on foreign reportage mean that it is less good? Roy Wright, for example, doesn't feel that is necessarily the case. 'Instead of maintaining these weighty foreign bureaux at great expense, it can actually be more productive to have a good body of bright, intelligent, alert young people who can go to a place and see it with fresh eyes and send back good pieces; I don't mean the old-style fireman who started filing the definitive story almost the moment he got off the plane but people who can spend a bit of time there and get a good background perception.' Some editors, too, think that the news agency services like UPI and Reuter have become much better than formerly. And it could be that the discipline of watching the pennies does concentrate the mind wonderfully – as one of the quality papers executives puts it, 'preventing the pop papers going off and doing silly, sexy stories about abroad which completely distort reality'.

But other people feel that there is an overall loss of quality of reflection. Brian Wenham, the head of current affairs at BBC Television, believes that it's going to make TV more uniform; 'There's little doubt but that fewer and fewer people will be going to fewer and fewer places, and the quality

Roger Woddis

Poulson's People

Question us, frisk us, frame us;
But do not quite forget,
For we are the people of Poulson,
Who haven't been rumbled yet.
There is many a public servant
Who is richer and gladder than we.
There is many an honest councillor,
And even a straight MP.
There is no dirty washing
We wouldn't hang out to dry,
And as docile dogs you will trust us,
Though we avoid your eye.

It may be some have heads to hang,
And some a tale to tell.
There may be more of us outside
Than pace a Wakefield cell.
A lie is halfway round the world
Ere truth has laced its boots,
And none will say that X and Y
Were sometime in cahoots.
Question us, frisk us, frame us.
We smile when you wield the whip,
For we are the people who serve you.
But do not forget the tip.

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of coverage is going to be demonstrably less good. We'll always have the responsibility of covering the important news stories, but what I might perhaps call the interestingly eccentric insight into how people live in other countries just will be much more curtailed.' There was, for example, a plan to slot a 'European' element into the six o'clock programme *Nationwide*, showing everyday life on the Continent – but it had to be abandoned when it was costed up – such a weekly item would have cost as much again as the entire budget of *Nationwide* at home.

To be fair, not all the media claim to be cutting down on foreign services. The *Daily Mirror* say they are now on the way back to expanding foreign news. They were intending to close the Rome office, but have now changed their minds, and are now replacing the staff journalist there. They plan, says Nick Davies, to carry more foreign stories next year. *The Times* and the *Daily Telegraph* foreign editors say they are confident of maintaining a high standard of foreign reportage, and the retrenchment they have had in some areas abroad has been compensated for in others – if Europe has contracted, southern Africa has expanded. Against the expense of their correspondents abroad they point out that they can recoup, to some extent, on their syndication services. And the *Guardian* is probably carrying more foreign stories now than ever – in terms of straight news it now has nearly as many column inches as *The Times*. BBC and ITN news services, unlike the current affairs departments, both claim to have increased their budgets to keep the same level of foreign news, and John Heuston, the foreign news editor of BBC-TV, estimates that this year the balance of home and foreign news has altered from being 70-per-cent home news and 30-per-cent foreign news, to 65-per-cent home stories and 35-per-cent foreign. For the regional press, the Westminster group says that they have always been – 'shall we say, a little more careful and sensible about foreign budgets than the flightier fellows in Fleet Street': they are, they insist, still in a sufficiently prudent position to carry on more or less as before.

However, a private report carried out for the *Financial Times* recently gave the following assessment of the relative volume of newspaper acreage given over to foreign affairs, comprising both news and features in a three-month period earlier this year:

Financial Times, in a three-month period earlier this year: 140,000 column inches
International Herald Tribune: 120,000 column inches
The Times: 100,000 column inches.
Guardian: 81,000 column inches.
Daily Telegraph: 49,000 column inches.

The *FT* had 20 full-time staff correspondents abroad; *The Times* had 15; the *Telegraph* had 13 (scaled down, said the *FT* report, from 27), the *Guardian* had seven and the *Express* and *Mail* had four each. As the *FT* rather fancies itself on foreign affairs, this assessment pleased them. But even so, on balance, it would still seem that the golden age of Viscount Castlerosse's glorious brief is indeed over; now even the cushy representatives of the super-capitalist press are travelling second-class.

INSIDE THE BBC

Under Reith the BBC was regarded as being Olympian. Under Hugh Greene, during the Sixties, as being permissive.

And today? Well, some see it as a secretive organization full of squandermaniacs and lefties. Others as being run by reactionaries and gloom-and-doom merchants.

What is the truth? Who runs this £200,000,000 business and how is it done? What determines the sort of programmes the viewer or listener gets?

George Campey answers these questions in the Sunday Telegraph, starting November 7th.

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12p–with weekly Colour Magazine.

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Geneva Diary

☐ Happy is the country that has no foreign policy. It doesn't seem so many years ago that Britain wielded a veto at the UN in order to demonstrate exclusive responsibility for Rhodesia. Now the Government can't delegate fast enough. Joshua Nkomo put it to me like this: either Britain should relinquish all responsibility for the hijacked colony and grant full independence, or she should give a guarantee of non-intervention against full- and red-blooded African revolution. Behind this and similar pleas, one can sometimes detect the forlorn hope that Britain might herself actually move and topple Smith, but there never are any troops when promise-keeping duty's to be done. It's surprising and rather shaming to meet so many Africans here who pinned their hopes on us during the decades of detention, and are now disillusioned. Although everybody agrees that he's a fine chairman, the bloated, Gaitskellite barrister figure of Ivor Richard represents, by his obscurity as a politician, the nature of this imperial blue funk.

☐ Lake Geneva is a good place to embark on the international dream-boat. It was here in 1864 that all agreed to treat war-wounded with kindness. In 1929 it was announced that prisoners of war would get a square deal under Geneva auspices. Rousseau was born here (there is a *Rue de Contrat Social* for collectors of unintended irony) and so in a way was the Reformation. Bernie Cornfeld may have set up shop just outside, near where Voltaire and Madame de Stael used to stroll, but more people recall that the Vietnam war was first legally abolished at Geneva – in 1954. The Palais des Nations really ought to look more battered and shabby than it actually does. Of course, it was just along the lakeshore at Evian that 'men of goodwill' signed an end to the Algerian bloodbath. But that was after ten years of slaughter.

☐ Where is Edson Sithole? He was arrested by plain-clothes men outside a Salisbury hotel on 15 October last year, at a time when his job (publicity secretary of the African National Council) was making him rather conspicuous. Since then, the authorities have denied all knowledge of his whereabouts. His fiancée and friends claim to have seen him in detention centres, and are getting worried. When I asked Ian Smith why he as 'Prime Minister' was the only man with no theory of the case he replied with the deadest of pans, 'I've asked our police and I'm sure they would tell me if they knew anything.' Terrific. At his side Foreign Minister P. K. Van der Byl gave a broad and rather appalling grin.

☐ In a short and sheltered life, Van der Byl is the nastiest man I have ever hit upon. Touching the same issue of secrecy and anonymity, this was his public answer to a questioner who asked him why the names of executed men were no longer announced. 'It's academic, because they are normally dead after it.' When we met, and I asked about one man one vote, he replied not that he opposed it in Rhodesia – though he does – but that he opposes it in general. 'Head-counting' he called it ('vote-counting', you call it). Classing Africans with peers and lunatics is a bit much in 1976; but in July 1975 he told the Rhodesian Parliament: 'As far as I am concerned, the more curfew breakers that are shot the better.' All this, not in the familiar philistine tones of 'Good Old Smithy', but in a pseudo-aristocratic tone which grates like a hangnail. He is easily the worst of the European tribal chiefs. In Simon Raven's *Sound the Retreat*, an old Indian answers a bullying cadet who demands to know why he opposes the Raj by saying 'At least partly because we do not care to be spoken to in that tone of voice'. If I were an African living at the mercy of Van der Byl's drawling wit, my fingers would itch for an AK-47.

☐ Perhaps the two most impressive delegates here are as dissimilar a pair as could be imagined. Robert Mugabe and Garfield Todd both work for the Patriotic Front, but whereas one is a rich farmer and a former Prime Minister the other has just emerged from ten years of harsh confinement in Salisbury jail. Mugabe is as impressive a man to meet as everybody says he is; quiet and very bright, with an army behind him in the bush which he does not boast or brag about. Todd, who also served several years in restriction, strikes one not just as a very nice guy so much as the nice guy who was saying all or most of this 15 years ago. By shutting him up, the stupid settlers lost all the years in which decent and peaceful plans might have been made for majority rule. Strangely, neither man feels any bitterness towards Ian Smith; Todd because he thinks Smith is a little guilty about him, Mugabe because 'I couldn't dislike him any more than I did to start with'.

☐ Even Metternich never used bribery on the scale that has been mooted for the white settlers of Zimbabwe. Nobody is really clear if the huge sum (£2,000m. is one estimate) is meant to induce people to stay or to go. One ingenious theory is that they will stay if they know they will be compensated for going, and thus there will be an agreeable Kenyanisation process. But the African delegates repudiate the whole idea as undignified. 'Those who want to stay as equals can stay,' says Mugabe, 'but there will be no more entrenched racial or tribal rights in our country.' Both he and Nkomo maintain that the African population is naturally socialist, but that won't do them any good if the coffers are bare. The money should be given to help them reconstruct, and to develop the soil stolen from them by the Land Tenure Act. Still, I hope a lot of the settlers do stay, because I don't want Mr Van der Byle coming here when the curtain is rung down.

☐ Perhaps the choice of Switzerland as the venue for international last-chance conferences is something to do with its image as a neutral nation. Jean Ziegler, a Socialist member of the Swiss Parliament, has just written a book arguing, to the contrary, that the Swiss Establishment is always and everywhere on the side of the rich and the powerful. *A Swiss Above All Suspicion* has created quite a ripple by its discussion of the way in which money and power interlock here and internationally. Internally, of course, the place is almost an Athenian democracy, with indentured foreign labour doing all the menial work and having no political rights. Geneva itself has quite a radical electorate, apart from the presence of many left-wing Spanish and Italian 'guest-workers'. I went to a communist public festival one evening and found it charmingly old world, with Juliette Greco singing as ever through a haze of *Gauloises*.

☐ Most people are rightly indifferent to the prospect of Cornball Carter, but the thought that we have now come to the end of the Kissinger era is an absolute tonic. There was something in him for everybody to hate, even those who believe that the world is run by a Jewish conspiracy between Wall Street and the Kremlin – which many Rhodesians do. It ought to be said about this conference, for which he takes so much of the 'credit', that one of its principal undisclosed aims is to save South Africa at the cost of cutting the Rhodesian connection, and that this is typical of the Kissinger *modus operandi*. Not long ago, an American paper engaged in profiling the man sent a reporter to interview his brother. The scribe noticed that the brother spoke with an ordinary American accent and asked why his famous sibling still sounded so German. 'That's Henry for you,' replied the brother, 'always talking and never listening.'

Christopher Hitchens

This England

Prizes: £1.50 book token for first entry, £1 tokens for others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

☐ The warning follows a Ministry of Agriculture decision to axe 60 jobs – including those of 10 scientists – by disbanding its pest control unit. The Institution of Professional Civil Servants said: 'The likely result of these manpower cuts is that rats, mice, maggots, cockroaches and other pests are likely to multiply in Whitehall's corridors of power.' Mr Bill Brett, the institutions national officer, protested: 'The closure of this unit can rightly be described as a lousy decision.' – *Daily Mail* (M. G. Balston)

☐ One man with a mice problem literally on his doorstep is Khalil Hosseini, manager of Garners Steak House at an entrance to Piccadilly Circus tube station. He says: 'The mice are a big problem – you can see them outside after closing time. We are fighting in every way we can. We have to keep the place spotless at night and have a contract with a pest control company. I have just had a meeting with my staff and have told them, as a priority, to watch for mice. The company is very strict about this. Every time we see a mouse, we have to ring head office.' – *Catering Times* (Elizabeth Balsom)

☐ Mr Hugh Bennett, for Lord Normanton, told the tribunal: 'No one pretends that there is no strong language on a shoot. But it must have been extremely embarrassing for Lord Normanton to have his head keeper shouting obscenities at the top of his voice in front of the guns' wives.' – *Guardian* (E. J. Watson)

☐ 'Sex Show – Yard Act' – *Evening News* placard (R. Lullardy)

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University Forum

Michael Crick*

Glittering Prizes

'Many of our best trained students who have completed the higher levels of education at university or polytechnics have no desire to join industry.' Thus the Prime Minister in Oxford a couple of weeks ago. It is not a new problem in this country. Even at the end of the 19th century, when Britain was beginning to lose its economic dominance in the world, it was said that any bright young man entered Parliament, the legal profession or the Church, with the thought of going into industry only as a last resort. It is just the same now, although you can probably add Fleet Street, the BBC, and accountancy to the preferred list. Last year alone there were 18,000 empty places in science and engineering courses in higher education. Since 1971 the number of students doing courses of this type has dropped from 5 per cent of the age-group to 4.1 per cent. Furthermore, using A-level grades as a yardstick, the quality of engineering and science students is not as high as that of students in other subjects. In 1975, 42 per cent of engineering students had less than three Cs at A-Level, while in social, administration and business studies it was only 24 per cent of students.

In July of this year Mr Eric Varley, as Industry Secretary, suggested to the parliamentary Select Committee on Science and Technology that students in courses which are of direct benefit to British industry should receive an extra incentive grant, and the figure of £300 a year has been suggested. At about the same time Lord Crowther-Hunt, a former minister at the DES, and a leading advocate of manpower planning, proposed that only science students should be awarded grants, while art students would receive loans. These ideas are part of a growing feeling that Britain's economic shortcomings are partly caused by our education system's failure to prepare people for the proper jobs.

The appointment of Mrs Shirley Williams as Education Secretary in September has opened up the debate even further, for she is known (unlike her predecessor, Mr Fred Mulley) to be sympathetic to these ideas. In a series of proposals which she made while she was a junior education minister in 1969, Mrs Williams put forward the idea that students should only receive grants if they agreed to be directed into certain jobs when they graduated. It seems likely, therefore, that some form of differential grant will be introduced in the near future. So far, the idea has been attacked from all sides of higher education. Laurie Sapper of the Association of University Teachers has called the idea 'crazy' and Francis Beckett of the NUS has called it 'appalling and dangerous'. Interestingly, nearly all my fellow students, both scientists and artists, have also opposed the proposal. The scientists feel that not only would it be fundamentally unfair but that it would also degrade their subject, giving the impression that they only studied science because they were bribed.

At present it is a little unclear what the Prime Minister and others are complaining about. While most science courses are undersubscribed, there are also many science and engineering graduates who cannot find jobs. We return to the difficulty that not enough of the best students seem to be taking science and engineering courses. The danger is, of course, that an incentive might produce even greater unemployment among science graduates, and there is no guarantee that it would attract the highest calibre of student to the courses. Further, any monetary incentive would affect people to varying extents, depending on their financial circumstances; the result could well be that careers involving arts degrees, or indeed law, would be even more the domain of people from middle-class backgrounds. Of the three types of incentive scheme mentioned, an extra grant would seem to be less unfair than loans (or perhaps grants dependent on the job one takes up), but even these would have an element of social injustice.

One also needs to ask whether it is just science, engineering and technology courses which are of relevance to the needs of our economy. I should not have thought that zoology or astronomy would do much for Britain's economic future (although astrology might). Many science courses have little relevance to any possible future job, and I have met several science graduates who say that their degree course had nothing to do with the work they are now doing. On the other hand, British industry is employing thousands of history and other arts graduates profitably, in spite of the supposed uselessness of their degree subjects.

Another reason why incentive grants would be of little use is that they would be applied too late. As Mr Mulley pointed out to his critics at the DES, most pupils are forced into taking decisions about their careers between the ages of 13 and 16 when they choose their O and A-level subjects. In the US most students do not decide upon their specialist subject until their first year at college, when they have a clearer idea about what they want to do and, more importantly, a better idea about what they are capable of doing. As it stands, at least by plumping for arts more options are left open for the future.

The promise of a possible extra grant in a few years' time is hardly going to affect their choice, while giving differential grants at this age or even reducing the entrance fee for O and A-levels in science subjects would turn secondary education into a stock exchange.

Finally, incentives exacerbate the division that already exists between artists and scientists in secondary and higher education. Both sides already believe that the other is living in the unreality of either the library or the science lab. Differential grants would increase resentment. Would a scientist on a £300 a year extra grant be so willing to join with his artist contemporaries in pressing for a general increase in grants? I think not.

In France, over the past few years, the Government has been trying to deal with a similar problem of a lack of scientists and engineers by restructuring the secondary and higher education system to prepare students more for the kind of economy the Government wished to create. Admittedly their problem is far worse than ours, in that only 4 per cent of French students take courses which lead to jobs in scientific, technological and engineering fields. Nevertheless the plans have been fiercely attacked by French students. In April and May this year there were riots and demonstrations that were almost reminiscent of the spring of 1968, as students tried to prevent the Government from restructuring courses. Students fear that education might become dominated by the plans of business and the French economy. All university courses would have to be approved by a regional board, some of whose members were representatives of industry. In this country, when courses were sponsored by industry at Warwick University, it was found that the university governing bodies contained representatives of industry who tried to instil a business-like attitudes into the students, while the authorities became reluctant to offend any of their sponsors' suggestions on the content of courses. Cooperation with industry can be very beneficial for higher and secondary education, but sponsorship contains the danger of a loss of independence.

If one accepts that there *is* a need for more good science, technology and engineering graduates, one has to ask why people don't like working in industry. Arts students tend to look down on scientists as uninteresting second-class citizens, often contemptuously referring to them as 'welders'. The subjects themselves are regarded as being taught in a boring way involving too much maths and too disciplined a work programme. Science lectures and practicals are effectively compulsory in contrast to the lax demands on the unstructured timetable of the arts students. Certainly more interesting science teaching in secondary schools would help.

A fundamental social change is needed in the value placed on certain vocations. Any such development will involve social, just as much as legislative change. Some stumbling blocks can be pinpointed. The reality, for example, that the least fashionable parts of the country to live in are the most industrial, while the best graduates shy away from industry for the very reason of its reputation for having a dull intake. We need not so much an increase in salaries in industry but a different climate – that can only be brought about by a strictly defined cooperation between education and industry. The professions may seem more glamorous and rewarding to the individual, but as far as the nation's economy is concerned, all that glitters is not gold.

*Michael Crick is a first-year P.P.E. Student at New College, Oxford.

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First Person

Arthur Marshall

Down The Red Lane

Whatever can be the opposite, *je me demande* from time to time, of *bon viveur*? Obviously not *mauvais viveur* but what, to a French ear, would imply the simple life and holding back at the table? *Viveur limité* perhaps, or possibly *viveur peu distingué*? At all events, it is the *bon* kind that concerns us here and the *Daily Telegraph*, ever mindful of what is best, the *crème de la crème* in fact, in modern journalism, keeps us posted weekly on the calorie-packed munchings of those delightful Craddocks, nobly risking coronaries on our behalf as they traipse about the country and the Continent sampling, here an avocado mousse with 'wet-fresh' Morecambe Bay prawns and chicken livers cooked with cream, mushrooms and marjoram, there *crevette vol-au-vents* with 'exquisite *feuilletage*' and, to wind up, fluted brandy-snap cases crammed with ginger cream. The Craddocks revel, and why not, in their happy guzzlings and our mouths water with them.

I am all in favour of this frankness about food being extended. It would help greatly to understand people and their quaint ways if only we knew what, say, they had had for breakfast. Perhaps when notabilities appear on the telly, we could, in addition to having their names faded in and faded out beneath their faces, have details of the most recent meal they have consumed – 'Steak and kidney pie. Cabinet pudding' or 'On a diet. Rollmops', the latter fully explaining the sour expression and bitter views. Everybody knows that after a grilled kipper at 8.30 a.m. the rest of the day goes with a merry zing. It seems extremely likely that on the day that, in a state of unbridled *joie de vivre*, Mr Healey spoke exultantly of the non-existent 'economic miracle', Mrs Healey had recklessly provided him with a grilled kipper. Perhaps, for one cannot imagine that in a government-run establishment in Downing Street there is any sort of stint or cheese-paring, Mr Healey ate *two* disastrous kippers, a fatal intake. If it had to be fish, Mrs Healey would have been wise to construct some home-made fish-cakes with double the normal potato content. This humble, filling dish would have damped him down and spared us the shock and disappointment of discovering, after being incorrectly told that all was well, that all was lousy. Bland and calming foods are what the Chancellor must have from now on in, or now on out as the case may be.

And in this connection our thoughts now fly across the Atlantic and to the day when poor old President Ford, in dream-o'-day-Jill mood, told us how enormously contented and free to do as they wish are all countries beyond the Iron Curtain. Happy as larks they are, oh yes indeedy. Now what on earth can Mrs Ford have provided for breakfast on that unfortunate day? President Ford has, I would think, a sluggish digestion requiring a goodish bit of roughage. There would have been ice-cold orange juice, of course, and then I can, sad to say, see him going a bit too hard at the soggy waffles, two words which in this context are all too apposite. Here was a case, if ever there was one, of sharpening him with a grilled kipper. Are there kippers in Washington? Perhaps Mrs Armstrong could pop a few into the diplomatic bag.

In the field of literature, information about food would be extremely valuable. I have complained before about how little of importance authors deign to tell us of their characters. To hell with what's going on in their minds, it's what's happening in their midriffs that really matters. Take Ophelia. Millais's famous portrait of her drowned, flower-strewn corpse has done a great disservice to historical fact. As we know, he used as a model a beautiful milliner's assistant, Elizabeth Siddal, tall and slender with a swanlike neck and a delicate physique, a physique which he made even more delicate by popping her, fully clothed, into his bath in Gower Street and then floating her about, vigorously painting, while the water grew ever colder. The true facts are quite otherwise. Ophelia was in no way listless or lifeless but a strong, sturdy girl who, finding herself immersed in a brook, would have waded to the bank in a trice. Danish butter and bacon are among the world's finest and Ophelia would have developed a robust constitution.

There is the further evidence of Laertes, brought up in the same household. Nobody can duel or leap nimbly into graves on an empty stomach, and Laertes's fine display of swordsmanship can only have come from a background where good food, and the doughty bones and sinews that it produces, was fully understood. But how then did Ophelia die? It is perfectly clear. Danish bacon, *ergo* Danish pork chops, a meat which takes a long time to digest. Ophelia, taking a quick dip after lunch on a sultry afternoon, failed to allow the precautionary one-and-a-half hours rest after a heavy meal (she would have topped up with a Danish pastry or two) and was struck down by Bürger's Disease (violent spasms in the arteries). Because it suited his book, Shakespeare deliberately concealed the facts, not for the first or last time.

But if only we knew. I tend to feel that elegant Mrs Thatcher has no breakfast (just some fragrant Earl Grey perhaps) but makes quite a 'thing' of tea, with a cooked dish or two, Welsh rarebit perhaps, or some of clever Zena Skinner's 'crispy bacon bites' and a generous pile of 'peel and almond cookies'. Then a quick dash, fortified and with charming smile in position, to the House. Apart from Lord Home, the diet of Prime Ministers of recent years has obviously not been starch-free. Mr Heath increasingly presented the bonniest of aspects, and very nice too. Is Mrs Shirley Williams (being groomed for stardom, I trust) getting enough protein? Her brains, and they are good ones, need it. One worries about these things.

Until recent years, the eating habits of royalty have been a mystery. The facts are meagre. We know what Charles Laughton so untidily ate as Henry VIII, and we know that Edward VII ate anything and everything. Apart from the wailing cry of 'No pudding, no fun', Queen Victoria is above such mundane matters in her *Journal*, though Albert's taxing marital duties must, heaven knows, have required some pretty solid stuff. I say 'until recent years' because a splendid lady called Mrs McKee, cook to royalty, was persuaded a few years ago to draw back the curtain a little and tell us what was considered toothsome in Buckingham Palace, Clarence House, Balmoral and so on. Mrs McKee, born in Sweden, is naturally strong on smörgåsbord and nettle soup with egg balls and, alas, soused mackerel, but is in general game for anything and flinches at nothing – mousse of lychees, eggs in curried mayonnaise, stuffed braised cucumber, rice croquettes with pineapple sauce, cold cherry soup Chantilly.

Concerning who likes what, Mrs McKee is the soul of tact but reading between the lines one senses that the Queen Mother's tastes are for the fortifying coupled with the exotic (hot grapefruit salad with the roast duckling, and consommé dotted with *bouchées mimosa*, a sustaining combination of pastry, parmesan, truffles, eggs and about a quart of cream). Those who marvel at Her Majesty the Queen's trim figure can take comfort from the fact that she is by no means a stranger to spuds and tucked in, in younger days, to banana-filled meringues in candied syrup. Princess Margaret, on the other hand, has always been especially fond of hot soup.

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Letters to the Editor

Foot on India

Sir, You ask (London Diary, 29 October) for the favour of a letter from me about my visit to India; the request might be considered more courteous if you had made it before printing lies about me instead of afterwards. However, there may be a few old NEW STATESMAN readers who, from its past reputation, may accept what you say as having some validity, and I must ask you to print these corrections.

It is not true (to take the first lie) that I 'delighted [my] hosts at a recent India House banquet by saying that those who criticise the Congress Government were the same as those who attack the Labour Government'. First, I have addressed no India House banquet, and, second, I have not used words at any time which could sensibly be given the construction your anonymous hearsay reporters claim. Certainly from what I saw in India on a previous visit it did seem to me that sections of the Indian press sustained a most unfair attack on Mrs Gandhi and her Government, and certainly what I consider to be unfair attacks are sustained against the present Government here by sections of the press. But I have never sought to equate conditions in the two countries in this respect; to do so would be silly as well as untrue.

It is not true (to take the second lie) that at Cambridge I suggested 'that economic hardship might justify the dictatorship in India'. I used no such language, and indeed, specifically repudiated any such implications being placed upon my remarks. What I did say at Cambridge, in reply to a question about civil liberties and political prisoners, was that I could make no report there on the representations that I had been able to make on the subject; I think the reasons were obvious enough to most of the audience even if they escaped the notice of those who have misrepresented my reply to you.

I certainly needed no 'veiled challenge', as you pompously suggest, from the latter-day NEW STATESMAN, to be reminded about the significance of these issues before I went to India. I would not turn to your paper for such guidance in any case, since you appear to have reduced it to little more than a jumble of weary dilettantism and witless asperities – apart, of course from the grotesque anti-socialist tirades of truly *Daily Mail* proportions and malignity from Paul Johnson, and these I take to be some sort of feverish circulation stunt.

However, what I also sought to indicate at Cambridge, in reply to the same question, is that there is a whole range of political and economic questions, associated with some of the measures taken under the Emergency and affecting India's whole economic future, her fight against poverty and the exertions being made to escape from it, which deserve to be considered intelligently and imaginatively by socialists in Britain, and I base this judgment on as wide a range of discussions as I was able to have in my short time there.

Of course I talked with numerous Congress supporters and defenders, and one of my conclusions is that it is stupid as well as insulting for us not to recognise how much socialist planning is involved in what they seek to accomplish, and how much genuine idealism is applied by countless numbers of dedicated Indians in attempting to put some of these principles into practice. I also talked to Congress opponents and was fully supplied with the details of their case. I talked also with trade unionists and Indian socialists of long-standing who, while critical of many developments in India at the moment, are much more bitterly resentful still about what they regard as the wretched caricature of their country so readily accepted in other countries, and the obstinate refusal even to make the first effort to comprehend what has been achieved and what is being achieved.

I am passionately concerned that the strong links between Britain and India, and especially those between the Labour movements in both countries, should not be destroyed. I came back from India more than ever convinced that a fresh major exertion to strengthen these links, in the weeks and months and years ahead, can best serve the interlocking causes of socialism and civil liberties in both countries. Neither cause is served by the particular combination of ignorance, malevolence and falsehood which appeared in your Diary last week.

MICHAEL FOOT

Privy Council Office
Whitehall, London SW1

CRUCIFER *writes*: My apologies to Mr Foot for confusing an occasion at which he was the actual host – an official lunch given for the Indian External Affairs Minister on 14 October – for one at which he would have been no more than a guest. I am happy to accept that both on that day and two days later at Cambridge he had no intention of conveying the impression that he certainly created in the minds of at least some of his hearers. I would be even happier to discover that his desire for these questions 'to be considered intelligently and imaginatively by socialists in Britain' extended to demonstrating some concern for India's 100,000 political prisoners – among whom, as he well knows, is the NS's own correspondent, Sundar Rajan. Or does Mr Foot dismiss as yet another 'lie' the report in the Cambridge University *Stop Press* (23 October issue) which quotes him as having said that 'it might be more constructive if we in Britain shared a little more understanding of the special problems facing Mrs Gandhi, and stopped talking about civil rights'?

Tories and Tariff Reform

Sir, Robert Skidelsky's relevant and valuable comment on the history of the Tories and tariff reform (NS 22 October) will, I fear, be heard with patient inattention by the Conservative Opposition. The truth is that the surrogate religion of liberal thought is as voiced by Cobden in January 1846:

> . . . the physical gain (of Free Trade) will be the smallest gain to humanity . . . I look further; I see in the Free Trade principle that which shall act on the moral world as the principle of gravitation in the universe – drawing men together, thrusting aside the antagonism of race, and creed, and language and uniting us in eternal peace. I believe that the desire and the motives of mighty armies and great navies . . . will die away.

The present Tory Party are the heirs of Winston Churchill, whose letter of resignation to Balfour in May 1903 was due to his objection to tariff reform and nothing else. However strong the argument for economic independence the minds of those committed to economic interdependence will not be changed in spite of the geopolitical problems and timescale that weigh against their thinking and the national interest.

Mrs Thatcher suggested at Brighton that Lord Nuffield would not have been able to build Morris Motors if he had been shackled

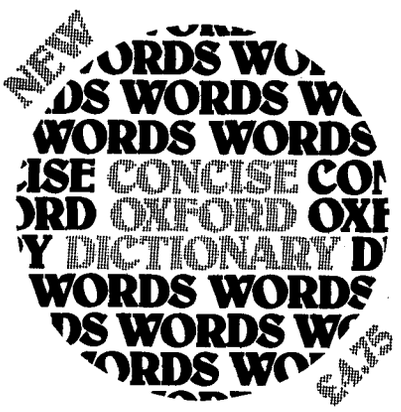
About Oxford books

Bringing English up to date

When the first volume of the **Supplement to the Oxford English Dictionary** was published in 1972, *The Wall Street Journal* said: 'There can be no bigger event in the realm of English words than the appearance of a *Supplement to the Oxford English Dictionary*. That mountainous source work is the massif of English lexicography. No other language enjoys so exhaustively comprehensive and scholarly a dictionary. The second volume of the *Supplement*, covering the language from H-N, was published yesterday, £22. Like its predecessor it supplies what *The Times Literary Supplement* called 'easily the most entertaining and readable of all dictionaries of English'. The entertainment is in the words themselves; 13,000 main words, divided into 22,000 senses, are treated in Volume II. The rapid expansion of work in all the scholarly subjects has been reflected, as well as the burgeoning science and technology of our age, and the vocabulary of two world wars; also the many words welcomed into our hospitable language from the other languages of the world, and the words used in the written English of regions outside the British Isles. The *Supplement* is edited by R. W. Burchfield. Volume III (O-S) is expected to be published in 1979, and Volume IV (S-Z) including a full bibliograpy of the works quoted from, in 1982.

The American poets

'American poetry, once an offshoot, now appears to be a parent stem', writes Richard Ellmann in his introduction to **The New Oxford Book of American Verse**, which he has chosen and edited and which is published next week at £7.50. 'Speculative, daring, and sometimes melodious, it has become the register of the most independent minds. What they have written has urgency, sensitivity to contemporary conditions, force of utterance.' These distinctive qualities are well represented in the new anthology. Professor Ellmann's choice of 800 poems by 75 American poets covers three centuries, from Anne Bradstreet and Edward Taylor to Sylvia Plath and Leroi Jones. The great names are all here – Emerson, Poe, Whitman; Frost, Stevens, Pound, and Eliot – but their work has been reconsidered in the light of the 1970s, and there are many new names as well as some revalued reputations. Most of the poets are represented with some amplitude, to give a sense of their range and variety. The result is an authoritative but very open selection which exhibits the principal directions of American poetry and the character of its achievement.



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by socialist controls. What is, however, unarguable is that he would not have been able to build up his business if he had not been protected by tariffs. Baldwin and Chamberlain are execrated by modern Conservatives but the industrial revival generated by their policies, of which the factories on the Great West Road and Slough are examples, almost certainly did more for us in the last war than the year won by Munich.

HARRY CREIGHTON

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London W1

A Sherman Statement

Sir, We skirmishers on the fringe of politics must be grateful for almost any mention by our new masters which spells our name correctly; I welcome the epithet 'abrasive' as a compliment, since a good deal of intellectual scraping needs to be done.

However, I owe it to your readers to correct a wholly spurious ascription to me of the view – in your profile of Sir Keith Joseph (NS 29 October) – that *The Right Approach* is 'little better than social democratic'. (I must assume that the views are ascribed to me; in spite of the ambiguity inherent in the sentence's characteristically slovenly construction, which lumps me together with others 'like' me, with whom I am unacquainted.) I could not conceivably have expressed such a contention, for several good reasons. First, I eschew use of the attribute 'social democratic', because its meaning depends on its user. It can denote anything from wholly admirable social analysts to a trite mish-mash.

Secondly, I cannot be 'known' to have expressed any views on the intrinsic value of *The Right Approach*, since I have expressed none. I confined my comments largely to its extrinsic significance i.e. its relevance to the balance of power and evolution of attitudes among Conservatives. This certainly did not entail placing it in any specious 'Left-Right' spectrum, which must necessarily obscure the multi-dimensionality of political divisions. The author of the profile had every opportunity to canvass my views on the document. He would have been a better journalist had he done so before writing me into his novella.

ALFRED SHERMAN

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With Malice Toward None

Sir, Crucifer's comments (London Diary, 29 October) about this company, the *Observer* and the *Guardian* are wrong on all counts.

Mr Murdoch made no takeover bid for the *Observer*. He entered into discussions, at the *Observer*'s request, about ways in which we might be able to prevent that newspaper becoming a 'corpse' (Crucifer's word, not mine).

Mr Murdoch did not inspire the *Sun* leader attacking the *Guardian*. Nor was that article in any way a riposte to the *Guardian* leader which Crucifer says was withdrawn from the paper on the night of 21 October. No one in this office saw such a leader. No one here has seen it yet. But for Crucifer, we wouldn't have known about it.

LARRY LAMB
Editorial Director

News International Ltd
30 Bouverie Street
London EC4

Too Many Cubits

Sir, The lampoon is an ancient and honourable genre of poetry, too little practised in English since the 18th century, though in our time excellent lampoons have been written by Yeats, Cummings and Austin Clarke. Notwithstanding the dubious case of Butler's *Hudibras*, the lampoon in English appears to be necessarily a brief form, often no longer than an epigram, with which accordingly it is often confounded.

To Clive James, whom I judge from his reviewing to be a well-read man, all of this, I take it, is familiar. Accordingly, when he took to producing lampoons some hundreds of lines long, I took it for granted that he knew what he was doing; that's to say, producing raucous ephemera for which a public exists or can be drummed up, and pocketing the proceeds against the day when he might want to try some serious writing. Very sensible of him, I thought.

However I discover with dismay, from his recent exchanges with James Fenton (the latter, I gather, a practitioner of the same clod-hopping genre), that the author of *Peregrine Prykke's Pilgrimage* may be less clear-headed than I'd supposed. On 22 October for instance Mr James begins by calling Mr Fenton 'the most gifted versifier of his peer-group' (which may be just, for all I know), but by the end of his letter he is calling him 'a poet of stature'. Can we please be clear about this? For 20 years off and on I have reviewed poetry for you, meaning by that the sort of thing we associate with names like W. B. Yeats and Alexander Pope. Obviously I cannot do so in future, in a paper where versifying journalists call each other 'a poet of stature'. I still want to believe that this was an absent-minded aberration on Clive James's part. Will he not please confirm that this is so?

DONALD DAVIE

31 Fore Street
Silverton, Exeter

Dutch Showmanship

Sir, C. H. Rolph (NS 22 October) shouldn't believe everything his Dutch friend tells him. In fact the blood-alcohol limit in the Netherlands is *not* .005 per cent but .5 per cent – not much different from that in Britain. Furthermore, this limit is interpreted very liberally, and differences in prosecution between one Dutch local authority and another are something of a national scandal.

Dutch motorists are very prone to drunken driving – as a visit to any town in Holland late on a Saturday evening would confirm. However, Holland waited until two years after Britain before bringing in any sort of properly regulated breath test. Finally, accident figures in the Netherlands (2,000 dead last year, over 3,000 the year before) are, given the difference in population, significantly worse than that of Britain.

Perhaps it's a pity that English people don't do the same public relations job that some Dutch appear to manage. Those of us who live here, and have an affection for Holland and its people, are sometimes irritated to see the Netherlands represented as a country which has solved all its problems – social, racial, alcoholic, traffic etc. It just isn't so.

B. S. COLLINS

University of Leiden
Netherlands

Radios and Batteries

Sir, What a revealing world of truth there is in the grain of sand of Crucifer's light-hearted tailpiece on his transistor radio (London Diary, 22 October). Even in the early Sixties mains electricity was far, far cheaper than electricity from batteries and to buy a battery-only radio as a substitute for a mains radio was not much more sensible than to light the house with torch batteries. Having eventually realised this elementary truth Crucifer's reaction is to blame the battery manufacturers for his own ignorance and to accuse them of 'daylight robbery'. This is about the same as lighting your home with candles and suggesting that the candle manufacturers are improperly charging more than the electricity board would do for the same amount of light. It still does not seem to have occurred to him that the sensible thing is to go out immediately and buy a mains radio which would pay for itself in two or three years. Or perhaps he thinks that transistors only work off batteries?

R. COLEMAN

34 Copse Hill
Purley, Surrey

Not My Style

Sir, The art of parody seems to have died with Max Beerbohm. Neither your judge nor Mr Sharpless can ever have read anything I ever wrote. 'Observed the Sheik . . . said the Sheik . . . sighed the priest . . . cried the priest . . . gasped the Sheik . . . murmured the priest': I have never been guilty of these vulgar inversions, and I would long ago have killed myself in just expiation of such clichés as 'Smacked his lips' and 'There was a loud bang'. Both your judge and your competitor seem equally ignorant of Mr Nabokov's work.

GRAHAM GREENE

Paris

Plus ça Change . . .

Sir, I can't have your reviewers making snide remarks about Thackeray – witness Valentine Cunningham in his review of *Victorian Novelists and Publishers* (NS 22 October) suggesting that Thackeray must have been well paid to write 'The rewards of the profession are not to be measured by the money standard' during the 'Dignity of Literature' controversy. Thackeray was not paid a penny for that observation, which in fact appeared in an open letter to the editor of the *Morning Chronicle*, nor was he 'kidding', but on the contrary dispensing with cant and talking good sense about the place pecuniary reward had in a writer's life. Read it sometime, Mr Cunningham – you will be amazed how nothing has changed.

MARGARET FORSTER

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Dame Edith Evans

Sir, I have read with much interest Professor Bradbrook's article regarding the late Dame Edith Evans (NS 22 October). It was, indeed, a splendid tribute. I believe the first part she played was Viola in *Twelfth Night* which I produced at Streatham in October 1910. She was then a pupil at the evening elocution and drama class under the tuition of a Miss E. C. Massey of Streatham. Miss Evans appeared in several of Miss Massey's productions at the Streatham Town Hall, once as Beatrice in *Much Ado about Nothing*. William Poel was so impressed that he engaged her for Cressida in *Troilus and Cressida*, which he produced at the King's Hall, Covent Garden. Her success as an actress was then assured. So far as I know she never appeared professionally as Viola.

RODERICK L. EAGLE

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Falmouth, Cornwall

Plain Mister

Sir, I have to thank Crucifer for his suggestion, in your issue of 29 October, that I revert to Richard Briginshaw. So far as I am concerned, it is my preference too.

RICHARD BRIGINSHAW

London SW16

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Philip French

I Puritani

Scoundrel Time by LILLIAN HELLMAN *Macmillan* £4.95

In her first volume of memoirs, *An Unfinished Woman*, Lillian Hellman excuses herself from the task of explaining to a Russian friend the circumstances of her analyst's death with the weary aside, 'the story is too long, too complicated, too American'. The same might be said of her experiences with the House Un-American Activities Committee in the Fifties, which we are constantly expecting to hear about in *An Unfinished Woman* and its successor, *Pentimento*, but never do. Not that the story is embarrassing: on the contrary, she emerged with dignity and quiet heroism. Nor is it unknown: practically every book on the period describes how in 1952 she appeared before the Committee having previously sent a letter saying she would testify to her own political beliefs but not discuss those of her friends and acquaintances, or anyone else who had not manifestly engaged in subversive activities. The key phrase from her letter, 'I cannot and will not cut my conscience to fit this year's fashions', is now almost as famous as Patrick Henry's 'Give me liberty or give me death'. The Committee refused her the privilege she sought, so she pleaded the Fifth Amendment against self-incrimination (thus ironically giving the false impression that she had indeed been a Communist Party member), spent an uncomfortable 67 minutes in the Washington hearing room, and was dismissed without being cited for contempt of Congress.

Now in *Scoundrel Time* she has at last managed what she has, we're told, attempted several times and abandoned: an account of her experiences in what we now call the McCarthy era, though it began several years before Joe McCarthy emerged on the scene in 1950 and continued for several more after his eclipse in 1954. It is a brief, spiky, rather slight book, a sort of rambling meditation, both affecting and annoying. Essentially another few pieces in her autobiographical jigsaw, it thus makes little sense without reference to the other two books. What *Scoundrel Time* isn't, is a useful guide to the period or a particularly enlightening essay upon it, a fact to which the publishers draw attention by having Miss Hellman's own 118 wide-margined pages preceded by an admiring, woolly-minded introduction by James Cameron, and followed by a disappointingly flabby revisionist 'Commentary' by Garry Wills on the nature of the Cold War, for which he holds Truman largely responsible, and almost totally ignores the possibility that the Russians might have made some contribution to its origins.

One does not have to hold any brief for the House Committee, or for anyone else connected with the shoddy business of questioning their fellow Americans' integrity, to find Miss Hellman's anger at her fellow citizens, however excusable, and her constant lack of charity, however strong a barrier against sentimentality, an unattractive liability. 'I had no right to think that American intellectuals were people who would fight for anything if doing so would injure them,' she says, as if this were either true or a satisfactory account of things. She never goes into the cases of those HUAC witnesses who behaved as she did, and in some instances more courageously, but she doesn't fail to present her one-time friends, Clifford Odets and Elia Kazan, who both cooperated with HUAC, in the worst possible light. She does not see that they could ultimately have suffered far worse in their way by these confessions than she did by refusing to talk; equally she might have considered that they were perhaps as misguidedly sincere as she always takes communists to be. In a parenthesis she acknowledges that Samuel Goldwyn stood alone in opposing the 1947 Waldorf Declaration by which loyalty tests and blacklisting came to Hollywood and observes that

> one would like to think it was a vote for freedom but most people who knew him well, I among them, knew he always voted against any group decision.

This is to attack Goldwyn for being what Miss Hellman constantly justifies herself as – a natural rebel. Broadly she is right in seeing the post-war years as a time of doubt, fear and hysteria of which rogues and self-seekers often took cruel advantage, yet on the larger issues her conclusions are altogether too crude. For instance she sees a three-lane highway sweeping America (and Richard Nixon) from the McCarthy era to Vietnam and Watergate, where there was instead a winding path, with detours and forks.

But all this is to quarrel with Miss Hellman over the least important part of her book, and risk missing its true value, which is threefold. First, the book gives us a real feeling of what it was like to be on the receiving end of the investigative machinery of the McCarthy era. An 'over-respectable-looking black man, a Sunday deacon' arrives to deliver the HUAC sub poena, she opens the envelope, and slams the door in his face; she buys a Balmain dress to appear at the Washington hearings; she wonders should she tell the Committee to go to hell and herself go to gaol; afterwards she finds herself broke, blacklisted by Hollywood, and forced to work briefly in a New York department store (though which store, for how long, and how she got on with her fellow employees we're not told, and would like to know); she appears before a female State Department official to get a passport to work on a European film and unlike many fellow HUAC victims is given one, because, as her lawyer explains, 'one Puritan lady in power recognises another Puritan lady in distress'. All these stories of anxieties and humiliations are precisely told and memorable, but they are scattered through the book and demand development beyond their tantalising brevity.

The second merit of *Scoundrel Time* is more equivocal – it is the account it gives us of Miss Hellman's confused and rather quirky political development which has to be taken along with what we read in *An Unfinished Woman* about her political education. She tells us here that at a 1937 meeting of Hollywood communists after she'd returned from Spain she deliberately raised the question of the Russian betrayal of the Republican cause, to be met with blank stares; a couple of years later her anti-Nazi play *Watch on the Rhine* was being performed on Broadway before the German invasion of Russia made its theme respectable to the Party, yet she refused to let this even be mentioned in her submission to HUAC. She found American communists men of good will, if frequently 'silly', 'nutty', and 'unaesthetic', and she allowed them to exploit her. She is scathing about Henry Wallace, whose 1948 presidential campaign she worked for full time, and now professes to be disillusioned with radicalism and liberalism. Somehow Miss Hellman wants us to excuse her naïveté and misjudgment while at the same time respecting her foresight and political sagacity. What one does respect is her insight as a dramatist, her courage and her eloquence.

The emotional and moral basis of Miss Hellman's politics can only be properly grasped in relation to her complex association with Dashiell Hammett, with whom she lived from 1931 until his death in 1961. He was a Party member (from around 1937), an odd self-torturing true believer who went to gaol in 1951 rather than reveal the names of the contributors to a communist defence fund. It was on his insistence that she took the Fifth and avoided imprisonment. The third great merit of *Scoundrel Time* is the further enrichment it gives to our knowledge of this union with Hammett, who emerges from her writing as a far more interesting figure than one would infer from his hardboiled novels. Of several new stories about Hammett, perhaps the most important is the way he tested Lillian shortly after they met by revealing that, while working as a Pinkerton agent during a strike, he had been offered a special bonus by a copper mining boss to murder the I.W.W. leader, Frank Little. He refused, but 'he had given the man the right to think he would murder', and shortly afterwards Little and three other Wobbly leaders were lynched. At one point Miss Hellman checks herself with this revealing paragraph:

> I am, of course, making my political history too simple: personal conflicts, work problems, whiskey, too much money after *The Children's Hour*, the time of my time, Hammett, all had to do with whatever I believed.

Currently there is a film being made of 'Julia', the episode in *Pentimento* where Lillian Hellman describes her adventure with

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the anti-Nazi underground in pre-war Germany. Appropriately enough, Jane Fonda is playing Miss Hellman and scenes involving Hammett have been written into the script. There is no doubt that through her three books of memoirs, Miss Hellmann has recreated herself and Hammett as figures in history – as Lilly and Dash, the exemplary heroic couple of committed Thirties seriousness to match the now unfashionable Zelda and Scott, the representatives of disengaged Twenties frivolousness. There is quite a resemblance between these two emblematic couples – the booze endlessly flowing, the exclusive personal codes of living, the men both lapsed Catholics from the West, the women Southerners (though in Lillian's case hardly a belle) with literary ambitions to be shaped by their men. Coincidentally in 1932, both novelists were engaged on their last significant works, Hammett celebrating the beginning of his union with Lillian with his most light-hearted thriller, *The Thin Man*, Fitzgerald recording the collapse of his marriage to Zelda with his most sombre novel, *Tender is the Night*. There is even an odd correspondence between the names they chose for their autobiographical characters – Nick and Nora Charles, Dick and Nicole Diver.

John Coleman

The Uncommon Pursuit

Leavis by RONALD HAYMAN *Heinemann* £4.95

There is no doubt that anyone looking for a pensive, scrupulous primer on Dr F. R. Leavis could do a great deal worse than acquire this book: the question is, rather, what else could they buy? For, as the blurb has it, 'this is the first full-length study of the man and his work', an accurate enough description if around 150 pages of text qualify as fullness. Dr Leavis – 'the most important critic of this century' in the author's opinion and in mine – achieved his 80th birthday last year, an event celebrated in the NS by a David Holbrook review of Philip French's intelligently marshalled Radio-3 tribute. This is not to attribute to this weekly a lack of due respect towards a great man (the review was, as might be expected from its source, highly appreciative). It did strike a little oddly, however, when – seven issues later – there appeared one of the most lavishly acrimonious attacks on Leavis's critical vocabulary ('naturally vague, impressionistic and limp-wristed') that I recall being mounted, and there have been plenty down the years. The occasion for this assault was the publication of *The Living Principle: 'English' as a Discipline of Thought*; and Mr Hayman's comments on, and quotations from, certain of its chapters, along with his establishment of the earlier provenance of some of its parts, supply a useful counterbalance.

To be curt, it seems futile to track down and cite further instances of a newly resurgent antipathy towards Leavis in several quarters when one *morceau choisi* will comfortably serve two purposes. Let us look for a moment at a single phrase from that review, by Peter Conrad, of *The Living Principle*: it is 'a work of reminiscential pugilism'. If the give-a-little procedures of Mr Conrad's longish notice are there to befuddle one's alertness to a crucial mistrust of Leavis and what he has represented, and continues to represent, that take-a-lot image should make things clearer. Very well, the old battler had his technical knock-outs somewhere in the past, but – let's face it – his day is done. Now this is where, *exactly* where, it is essential to tread with extreme caution: and the warning is partly self-addressed.

It is also where Mr Hayman becomes peculiarly helpful. His concluding chapter, 'T. S. Eliot' (and *The Living Principle* devotes 110 pages to *Four Quartets*) is testimony to this, to a tentativeness matching his master's on Eliot, to an appropriate delicacy. Hayman is very good at spotting the shifts that have, inevitably, taken place in Leavis's judgments with the passage of time and – if one needed convincing – he convinces me here that it is no punch-drunk ex-lightweight of Lit. Crit. we discover reliving and rewriting battles long ago, but an extraordinarily alive and vital, still hyperactive intelligence in full possession of its powers:

> This critique could have been written only by a man who had not only been pondering deeply for decades about Eliot's verse but also been discussing it in lectures and seminars.

One recognises this is not the happiest example of Hayman's own style, which is generally workmanlike and frequently rises to something more charged and decisive, but it underlines another fundamental issue in talking about Leavis: his qualities as a teacher. And it is these, one suspects, that may well have hindered the making of any sort of book about him for so long. Too many people who might conceivably have got down to it found themselves inhibited by their direct experience of his passionate, totally committed and so totally demanding sincerity. If one says (and I break cover), if *I* say, as a student of his at Downing in the late Forties, that even to approach his everyday probity of response – which ought to have been deduced from the trio of books, *Culture and Environment, New Bearings in English Poetry* and *Revaluation*, which had summoned me to try for Downing and nowhere else in the first place – was an attempt rapidly accepted as doomed to failure, it is not only an ugly sentence but the ugly truth. The seeds of flippancy were, obviously, there from the beginning.

But if this, as was on the cards when one wincingly took it on, has turned into a vulgarian's view of a review, how much more should one come to praise Ronald Hayman for his wary, tactful, illuminating treatment of 'the man and his work'. The book is authentically informative on the hitherto widely scattered and sparse details of Leavis's 'private' life, not merely gathering already accessible material together into a coherent entity but adding to it; and this approach is justified as follows:

> Good criticism is almost as worthy as art is of the word 'creative', but most criticism cannot stand up so well as a work of art to isolation from its cultural, social and biographical context.

So – and it is easy to see why the explanation is offered if one has in mind Leavis's reiterated insistence on the relative insignificance of the 'Did you once see Shelley plain?' line of literary discussion – we learn of schooldays at the Perse, a traumatic time of it during World War I as a stretcher-bearer which was to leave him with recurrent insomnia and a damaged digestive system, the fickle fortunes as a lecturer in a hidebound Cambridge which were to leave him with a life-long resentment of what he saw, with reasoned clarity, as an Establishment. Presumably I should have known but it came as a strange enlightenment to me that, as a result of Leavis's championship of allowing his pupils to read *Ulysses* (he wanted to eliminate 'the glamour of the clandestine attending the cult') and Lawrence, there were jokes about 'the Leavis Prize for Pornography'. History brings in its ludicrous reversals – the joke with some consistency being on the others – and Hayman rightly reminds us that the Bishop of Woolwich's enthusiasm for *Lady Chatterley's Lover* around the time of that famously silly vindicating trial (it was a celebration of 'holy communion') received a ringing rejoinder from the very man who had been, at the least, taking it seriously when all but he had fled: thus Leavis, in the *Spectator* in February 1961 –

> the suggestion that the book tends to promote respect for the idea of marriage is fantastically and perversely false. Lawrence, when he wrote it, had forgotten what marriage (as opposed to a liaison) was.

It is this unendearing bluntness, the unencumbered outcome of a humanitarian

Alan Brownjohn

Breach

Within a mile of a sea, which could be heard,
On a Chesterfield much too narrow,
On a night that was much too short,
These two achieved a rare sort of victory:

They carried through a completely unselfish,
Unkind-to-no-other-people, act of love
Between twelve twenty-seven and twelve
Forty-four, while the latest oil slick

Slurped at the sands in the dark.
Nightlong coastguards fought it with radioed
Data about its location, helicopters clattered
To neutralise the thing with chemical sprays,

And half the resort was out next
morning, waiting
As for some dismal, predicted second coming.
But these two made their protest about
The general soilure of the world at the hands

Of the effortful and the crude by just one
Once-only, uncontrived breach
Of its chaos with love. And there should be
A plaque on the esplanade to this effect.

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concern for what has been won with difficulty from the chaos of language, that one ex-pupil among many most fondly cherishes. That Leavis himself has written awkwardly, now and again, I would reluctantly assent to: that he writes as badly as Mr Conrad – of that ill-aimed review – implies, tearing 'livingness' from 'life' as if their author were no longer conscious of the difference (to say subtle things about the rare kind of prose or poetry which is in itself, *as* itself, a raid on the impossible surely requires an echoing linguistic response), is malicious tosh. What has stayed from the witnessing of Leavis in action is a tremendous regard for words on the page. As Hayman best puts it, 'It was an enormous relief to learn that a reader had rights and a writer responsibilities', that there was a two-way traffic in literature and life alike.

Matthew Arnold's *Dover Beach*, as his inimitable, dry, fingering voice read it, fell apart. Eliot's *Marina* made sense for the one and only time. This was an interpreter nonpareil, someone capable of exciting his students into active reading of their own, into a fruitful commerce with what they read. He set up arguments in the mind. Where he was less successful was not in his lectures, where no retort was possible by the rules of the game, but in his supervisions, which by my time had settled into superb mini-lectures, barely brooking intervention. Hayman is correct about this unwitting intimidation, and it is sadly a lingerer in the memory: one rarely spoke up. More fool one. To see Leavis at his absolute peak as teacher it was mandatory to turn up for his 'dating' sessions, held in a room at Downing and attended by freebooters from all over Cambridge.

Here it was that his exquisite manners most finely expressed themselves. One Saturday morning, fresh from an overnight delve into the outer reaches of 18th-century verse, I confidently identified an anonymous stanza or so on the sheet in my hands as the work of Lady Winchilsea (1661-1720). A substantial titter made itself heard. With a decent tact I cannot begin to describe, Dr Leavis thought the proposal interesting, swiftly allaying the mirth, before going on to establish, beyond all reasonable doubt, that the item was more properly at home in the late 19th century and could have been (no?) a bad bit of Browning. Yes, one said, inwardly registering the graceful rescue from stupidity, following the reasoning. That inwardness, that quiet lesson in discrimination: these are firm elements in the Leavis legacy. Only dolts or the deliberately frivolous ignore them.

Paul Theroux

Funnybone

I Hear America Swinging by PETER DE VRIES *Gollancz* £3.95
Slapstick by KURT VONNEGUT *Cape* £3.50

While we're on the subject of humour, may I say that what I found inexcusable in Clive James's recent poem, *Britannia Bright*, was its utter lack of cruelty? This singling out of famous people is a harmless form of entertainment; occasionally it is flattery. But no characters are created and none are demolished, and the general tone is that of a chummy romp which, for all its boffoes, never comes close to the hurtful and scurrilous clowning of true satire. The last great piece of political satire was enacted in San Francisco when that crazy lady pointed a water pistol at Gerald Ford and shrieked, 'Bang, you're dead!' True, she did a few weeks in the slammer, but one admires her imagination and her bravery in risking jail for a joke.

The assassin with the water pistol is straight out of De Vries. His book soars; Kurt Vonnegut's *Slapstick* falls flat on its face, not in the Laurel and Hardy way Mr Vonnegut intends but more in the manner of an exhausted hoofer tripping over his sorry props. One's funnybone has never been in danger of fracture with Mr Vonnegut, but he has demonstrated in the past a likeable blend of intergalactic whoops-a-daisy and earthly concern. This, on the evidence of *Slapstick*, has degenerated into complacent and senile whimsy. I think the large difference between the two books under review is that De Vries's is written with a highly intelligent anger that is always graceful; Vonnegut's shows an impulsive disgust that approaches despair – 'the closest I will ever come to writing an autobiography', he says of his book. Good grief, any closer and we'd truly be in the monkey-house gibbering over our wampeters and granfalloons; and yet I think we would still be unpersuaded that Mr Vonnegut has succeeded in raising baby-talk to levels of eloquence. New York is his setting, disarray his subject, but the language is at once glum and irritating, like someone coughing his guts out, someone sick to death of the novel and the whole enterprise of writing. This is okay for lecture-fodder, but let's hope it is a passing phase for Mr Vonnegut. A person who is sick of the novel is sick of life.

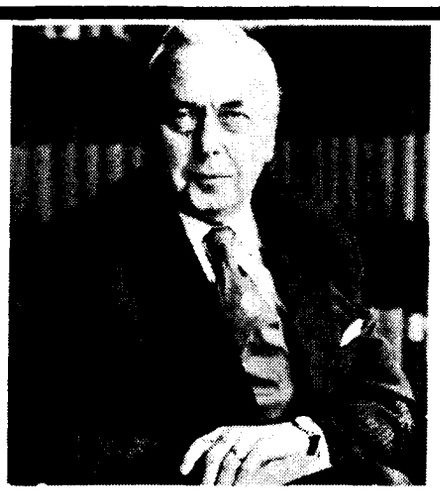
De Vries doesn't write slapstick, but he makes jokes and he has a point of view; Mr Vonnegut could do worse than study the timing, the language and the way the narrative surges with laughter. Bill Bumpers, a graduate student in mid-Iowa, has written a dissertation on the causes of divorce. It is a wild piece of scholarship and earns him at least one left-handed compliment, 'the Ionesco of sociology'. One of his interviewees refers to mating as 'acts of congress'; Bumpers lectures his supervisors on the paradoxes of marriage ('. . . impermanence is here to stay, gentlemen, rootlessness so firmly embedded . . .'), takes a swipe at marriage counsellors ('ambulance drivers in the war between the sexes') and heads back to the boondocks for a second look at the farmers who inspired him: 'I see your hired man out there. Is he harrowing?' 'Oh, I wouldn't go so far as to say that. A trifle unprepossessing perhaps.'

Farming country, yet it is anything but pastoral. One farm is a mess, the farmhand is a slob ('He's anal retentive.' 'Well, the horse isn't . . .'); another farmer has taken to art criticism:

> Them nuances look like the same old ances . . . 'Feigned Orgasm' didn't quite come off . . . This gink clearly derives from Mondrian, the most neglected linoleum designer of our time . . .

Up the road apiece, over a cracker barrel, more farmers sit around reminiscing about marine imagery in Eliot's 'Dry Salvages' ('A slight case of the St Louis Blues', since the river, they decide, is the Mississippi) and the time old Charlie Achorn locked horns with Bertrand Russell:

> What do we really know, like about the age-old distinction between mind and matter?



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'What is matter?' Russell says, and I says, 'Never mind.' And he says, 'What is mind?' and I says, 'That's no matter.'

Bumpers presses on, engages an old friend in a discussion of *The Exorcist*, muses about morals ('Nobody talks anymore about sowing wild oats in an era in which everyone is uninhibitedly rolling in the hay'), eavesdrops on more conversations ('I suppose frustration is what makes anti-social characters, mainly.' 'Yeah . . . an arsonist is jenny someone who's failed to set the world on fire') and even gets the lowdown on Yugoslavian roads ('They're lower in tar than most cigarettes'). After the novels, the teacups and the trailing skirts, Bumpers is at rest. The astonishing thing about De Vries is his sense of design; great comic writers have usually chosen the story or the sketch, but De Vries is that rarity among humorists, a distance-man, and in this, his 18th novel, he has never been funnier or surer of his ground.

Bruce Page

Mirror, Mirror

Walking on the Water by HUGH CUDLIPP
Bodley Head £5.95

One Friday evening in 1968 Cecil Harmsworth King, then chieftain of the Mirror newspapers and a good deal else besides, sat reading in his house. Mr King's mind was then much occupied – though the outer world knew little of the story – with schemes to remove the Wilson Cabinet in favour of a Government of National Salvation led by himself (with the aid of Alf Robens, Arnold Weinstock, Jo Grimond, Lord Beeching and the like). The phone rang, and was answered by King's wife, Dame Ruth Railton. A cultivated voice imparted a brief, anonymous message: 'You are married to a man of destiny,' Dame Ruth was conjured. 'Do look after him.'

Hugh Cudlipp records in *Walking on the Water* that the next day Cecil King informed him of this incident, without a smile. The chairman had already made it known at board level in the Mirror group that he expected to be playing a large part in the affairs of the nation shortly, and had intimated (to Cudlipp's alarm): 'Of course, I shall be taking Hugh with me.' No doubt the intention of the anonymous caller was to augment the momentum of the Man of Destiny (was it, perhaps, some aspirant member of the Salvation Cabinet?). The practical effect was otherwise. The incident helped to convince Cudlipp and the other Mirror directors that there was nothing for it but to remove the old boy.

This, due to the cunning with which the company's articles had been laid out, was not much easier than disposing of Julius Caesar in a similar stage of megalomania. However, in May 1968 a successful execution was accomplished: done in proper form, but nonetheless with all the ruthlessness required. It was, without doubt, a service to the nation, and it is nice to record that Lord Cudlipp did not suffer any of the harsh consequences that attached to Brutus, and that he has since retired in amiable humour and at a time of his own choosing.

One caution must be observed when investigating these recent tales of would-be Men on Horseback. Although there is no doubt that many eminent citizens have thought (not just in the 1960s) that they and a few friends might readily clear up the nation's problems (provided, of course, democracy be suspended for the meantime), it is emphatically *not* the case that anyone whose name is canvassed in such a scheme has necessarily approved or even heard of it.

This syndrome appears in what may be the finest of many scenes of pantomime contained in *Walking on the Water*. King perceived, of course, that his Salvation Government would require a titular head, some irreproachable non-executive to whom the land might rally. Who better, he thought, than Lord Louis Mountbatten of Burma – sea dog, war-hero and Royal relative? Cudlipp, who (unlike King) actually knew Mountbatten, was commanded to set up a conference. The Queen's uncle was in 1968 much troubled by the state of the nation, and as keen as anyone to try and juice it up a bit. He clearly assumed that what King was going to discuss was some genial exhortation to the British Spirit – endorsed, no doubt, by many famous figures – such as does harm to none, and provides useful therapy for those participating.

Some flicker of caution caused him at the last minute to have Sir Solly (now Lord) Zuckerman present to lend a hand in dealing with the Mirror delegation. Cudlipp tells us that he watched 'increasing concern' diffuse itself across the faces of Zuckerman and Mountbatten as King warmed from his original theme of economic decay, and began to speak of bloodshed in the streets and likely involvements by the military – winding up with a plain question as to whether, in these dire straits, Mountbatten was prepared to offer himself as figurehead for an alternative government. 'This is rank treachery,' said Zuckerman, walking to the door. 'All this talk of machine-guns in the streets is appalling. I am a public servant and will have nothing to do with it. Nor should you, Dickie.' A very few minutes later King found himself out in the street. But his sublime self-confidence, so far as Cudlipp could see, was scarcely shaken.

Lord Cudlipp's title is drawn from a famous joke which he ascribes to Lloyd George (though it has been claimed for Randolph Churchill). Lloyd George, calling to see the late Max Beaverbrook, was told by a manservant that the Lord was out walking. 'Ah,' came the rejoinder, 'on the water, I presume?' Cudlipp appears to feel that there is a natural tendency for anyone who gets to be in charge of a newspaper to start walking on the water: the book, apart from being a personal account of his own career as a popular journalist, gives in its latter sections the most worthwhile account yet seen of Cecil King's attempt to do so, which Cudlipp regards as one of the most formidable 'in the history of aquatic sport'.

In the retrospect of failure, all such schemes appear ridiculous. The International

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Publishing Corporation then possessed, through the powers of the *Daily Mirror*, a very considerable influence in Labour-governed Britain. However, it was run by people – apart from King – who were not, whatever their other failings, in the grip of megalomania. Twenty-one days after his approach to Mountbatten, King was replaced by Cudlipp as chairman of IPC. King, we may be sure, would not have succeeded in forming a government. But had the upper echelons of IPC contained more craven – or simply unsophisticated – characters than was in fact the case, then the loopy enterprise might have travelled a good deal further.

Lord Cudlipp seems to be a shrewd, gifted and energetic man – able to perceive when power was about to be monstrously misused, and capable of doing what had to be done. But he disclaims systematic reflection. He does not have much to say about the social machinery which placed power in the hands of Mr King. He is generous to a fault about King's capacities – but, on the record he produces, it is hard to believe that the Man of Destiny would have achieved any great prominence but for the hereditary assistance he acquired through having Harmsworth as his middle name.

It might have been worse. King's Harmsworth connections gave him advantageous footholds in the newspaper business, but not outright power of ownership such as Beaverbrook and other Harmsworths had. Given ownership, it would have been impossible to prevent him making his attempt at political subversion, and indeed other newspaper bosses in recent years could have made the attempt had they desired to do so. In the aftermath of King's removal, the late Lord Thomson pointed out that no directors' revolt, however motivated, could have removed *him* from office. Roy Thomson was no doubt a man who possessed in reality many of the organisational abilities that Cecil King ascribed so dubiously to himself: he also seems to have had a certain modesty of character which meant that walking on the water did not specially attract him. But had he chosen to do so, it is not easy to see how he could have been prevented.

Derek Mahon

King of the Cats

Yeats by FRANK TUOHY *Macmillan* £6.95

For anyone who receives a literary education in Ireland, the ghost of Yeats is almost inescapable. If one is to escape it, one must construct an aesthetic and historical counter-culture, as a number of young poets have done, rejecting everything Yeats and his movement stood for and promoting alternative figures from the Joycean tradition. Certainly, the emphasis on Yeats and Yeatsian studies is so great that one is tempted to ignore him altogether, or to adopt perverse attitudes of dismissal, like the Greek who voted against Aristides because he was tired of listening to his praises. Matters aren't helped by the lingering conviction that the man was personally antipathetic, a humourless stuffed shirt with unpleasant political views and a way of looking straight through you. So it's greatly to Mr Tuohy's credit that he has managed to make the poet almost likeable. Not in youth, perhaps, but in middle and old age, when he had achieved everything of a worldly nature that he desired and could allow himself to relax. The process probably began with the death of Swinburne, when Yeats, meeting his sister in the street, announced: 'Now I am the King of the Cats.'

F. S. L. Lyons's official biography is in preparation. Mr Tuohy's book isn't scholarly in that sense, but rather the result of private curiosity, and as such extremely readable. He discusses the poetry not as a professional critic but as an intelligent layman, so that there is less about symbols and structures than about subject matter, the political events and personalities in the foreground of the poet's consciousness. Events and personalities, indeed, make up the greater part of the narrative. What we have here is the active Yeats of theatre and senate chamber, literary luncheons and country-house weekends, rather than the reflective Yeats of the hill walks and the lonely tower ('Ballyphallus', in Pound's phrase, 'with the river on the first floor'). One effect of this is to provide a lively recreation of the poet's *milieu*, his family, friends and enemies. The picture of his father, for example, is especially vivid. Here was a classic Irish Victorian type – extroverted, clubbable, eloquent, raffish and polyphiloprogenitive. A bit like Joyce's father, in fact, if more of a 'gentleman'. He was also a rather good portrait painter. He died, still smiling, in straitened circumstances in New York, where he had gone to make his fortune in old age.

The portrait of Maud Gonne is also extremely skilful. Few photographs survive, and those that do leave us wondering why, even allowing for changing fashions, she was considered such a great beauty. Her personality is equally elusive; and yet, after she had surfaced a few times in the course of Mr Tuohy's narrative, I began to feel that I had met her – though not, mercifully, for long. Mr Tuohy ascribes the violence of her nationalism, and that of Con Markievicz, another daughter of the Ascendancy, to a rejection of the feminine role; so it may be some indication of the degree of male chauvinist piggery prevalent in the

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Ireland of the time that both the 'mad women', as they were known by their own kind, ran to such extremes – Con never without her revolver, Maud taking up with an anti-Dreyfusard French politician of the lunatic Right.

It's interesting, too, to meet Major Robert Gregory in the flesh. 'Our Sidney and our perfect man' led the cadre of Trinity College hearties who represented the Imperial interest during the *Playboy* riots. He had little time for Yeats, who always occupied the master bedroom in his mother's house at Coole, and would perhaps have said something ungracious if shown the poems of which he was the ostensible subject.

A famous photograph reproduced here shows the rather *soigné* 72-year-old poet at a BBC microphone, doing one of his last broadcasts. (A few minutes of Yeats tape survive: he had a magnificent, rolling brogue.) The tie is as carefully confused as ever, a handkerchief flops from the breast pocket, and the face is contracted in an expression of intricate amusement. He is enjoying himself, and looks charming. Mr Tuohy doesn't tell us that, having refused to have a wireless set (modern, scientific, therefore objectionable) in his house, he was spotted one day smuggling a handsome receiver in by the back door, presumably in order to hear himself on the air. But it's nice to know that he was addicted to Western stories like those of Zane Grey: his daughter reported that once, in a delirious fever, he shouted, 'Send for the Sherriff!' Filthy money was a source of interest too. When told of his Nobel Prize, his first question was: 'How much?' He was only a human cat after all. So, for all his patrician airs, he earned his place in popular esteem. At his funeral in Drumcliff, two Sligo men were heard to discuss the poet: 'Did you ever read anything he wrote?' 'Well, I did, mind you. 'Tis high-class stuff, of course, but in my private opinion the most of it is great ramblin'.'

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Nehru by B. N. PANDEY *Macmillan* £6.95

How many more times is it going to be possible to write the life of Jawaharlal Nehru? I have already got some five or six authorised versions in my room, not to speak of Panditji's own autobiographical *Discovery of India,* far and away the best of the lot. Now comes Dr Pandey's scholarly inside job, which probably wraps the subject up.

At least I hope so, because the time is approaching when disillusion sets in and Jawaharlal Nehru is blamed for starting a dangerous dynasty. There are cycles to these things. It is getting sadly modish in India now to say that we, the old hands, fell for an imaginery Nehru, charmed into foolish affection by his grace and stagecraft. Indeed in the later years there was much to criticise. Mr Nehru in his youth and power was incomparable; in his failing age he was disastrous.

I declare interest, because I was a fairly unreasoning disciple of India's first prime minister for years. It was a habit easy to acquire in the old days, and hard to shake off, even when the petulant old chap's failings and weaknesses became apparent. All I can say is, he was unfailingly decent and good to me when I needed him, and forgetful when I didn't. He behaved in much the same way to his country.

For 30 years Jawaharlal Nehru was, with his extraordinary partner Gandhi, India's foremost freedom-fighter; for 17 years as Prime Minister he steered what was then the world's most populous democracy. He was by far the most significant figure in what we called the Third World, and could have been more so had the British sustained him, instead of obediently following the American line of suspicion. If you remember, non-alignment and 'neutralism' in the Fifties was defined by Dulles as heresy. We were asses; we could have led the Third World too if we had had any guts.

This book, as any serious study of Nehru must do, considers him as the extraordinarily complex and elusive personality he was – the oriental who had to become a public-school Englishman to become a patriot, the aristocrat who became a socialist, the individualistic maverick who became a mass demagogue, the modern man who, agnostically, beguiled an enormous land of superstition and mythology. He was an intensely private man who lived an almost violently public life, and almost everything he did for his career he hated doing, yet had to do. When he was on the hustings he said some very wrong things, but they were never silly. When he was alone, and his own man, he said some very silly things, but they were never wrong.

Dr B. N. Pandey has had access to much new and unexpected material on Pandit Nehru, which must have been very difficult after all this time. He has written what I would say is quite the best account of Nehru so far, allowing for the fact that he is necessarily treading over a lot of familiar ground. He has had the help of Nehru's most beloved sister Vijayalakshmi Pandit, to whom he wrote so much copious and revealing correspondence, and who herself is a pretty elegant and witty observer.

A great point is the most curious relationship between Nehru and Mahatma Gandhi. How could it have come about? Everybody wonders. These two men, utterly different in ideology, demeanour, everything? Gandhi was totally indifferent to political democracy; Nehru had no mind whatever for theological purity. Gandhi hated factories; Nehru loved them. No partnership ever worked better.

I have written it before, and I still believe it: Nehru was the most important man I ever met. Indians deride me for this now, citing the huge fallibilities of the man and the catastrophe of his decline. This I accept. All his life Nehru was paralysed by his intellectual evaluation of alternatives. To be a giant among pygmies fed his vanity and made possible his equivocations. It is easy to see now what was not easy then: that his arbitrary impatience turned him into an almost purposeless tyrant, torn by arrogance and love. In the end Jawaharlal Nehru was surrounded by sycophants and incompetents; he proclaimed the dangers of corruption while it flourished all around him; he denounced religious sectarianism and closed his eye to its exploitation in the Party's interests. So obsessed was he with the vision of the future that he could not bring himself to envisage the dismaying futilities and dishonesties all around him.

Was Jawaharlal Nehru, then, the awful thing for India that they now say? He was too intellectual for a politician, and too vain for a saint. He bequeathed India a daughter's administration of which it is not politic to speak. What a fallible leader was Jawaharlal Nehru! And to me he was the most admirable public man I have ever known, and I mourned at his death. And so, I am sure, did Dr Pandey.

D. M. Thomas

Dante in Purgatory

This lying in two places
pretending each alone is true
where in fact both are:

both where the love is
at a still centre
with Beatrice, and where

it's whirled without end on
black winds of our own
making, with Francesca:

is not easy,
when a star glimmers
in Hell, or in Heaven

reflection of unheard
lightning below the horizon . . .
gently to turn away each face.

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Julian Barnes

Punchlines

The Various Lives of Keats and Chapman by MYLES NA GOPALEEN *Hart-Davis, MacGibbon* £5.00
The Big Day by BARRY UNSWORTH *Michael Joseph* £3.95
The Auctioneer by JOAN SAMSON *Hodder & Stoughton* £3.75
Married to a Spy by ALEC WAUGH *W. H. Allen* £3.95

The 'Keats and Chapman story', invented by Myles na Gopaleen (=Flann O'Brien =Brian O'Nolan) in his *Irish Times* column, has grown into a minor literary form in its own right. As with the clerihew and the limerick, anyone can join in (as they did from the start – when Myles was ill a stand-in turned out almost indistinguishable stories). The rules are simple: two contrasted characters, Chapman the solid, Dr Watson-Ernie Wise fall-guy, suffering beheading, bafflement and outrage, reacting with reliable feedlines, and Keats the verbal hit-man, tasteless, wild, with all feeling subsumed in the felicity of his concluding jibe. The narrative may cover any period or subject, and be as short or shaggy as you like; while the punchline must be of a groan-provoking awfulness, combining theoretical foreseeability with actual unpredictability.

It's an extremely durable formula; just as there are no bad Irish jokes, there seem to be no Keats-Chapman stories which are less than drily droll. Myles's particular skill lies not so much in the ingenuity of the clinching phrase (though this is often considerable, involving double and triple puns, like 'He's a fool to fight the band that heeds him') as in the controlled aimlessness of the build-up. As he once pointed out, the usual trouble with other people's Keats-Chapman stories was that 'they are "literary". They are too obviously contrived and usually omit the essential boredom'. Even when repeating himself Myles was way ahead in the teasing art of getting out enough information and enough gently misleading padding to support the final joke without pointing to it melodramatically. If by any chance you find Frank Muir and Denis Norden funny on *My Word!*, then this book shows what they are aspiring to.

Barry Unsworth finds his comedy less in verbal adroitness than in anxious and uneasy behaviour. His characters are always just getting by, bluffing that they are competent, and fantasising maniacally behind their façades of ordinariness. Paranoid and incommunicative, Donald Cuthbertson runs a shambolic degree-vending School of Further Studies; his staff and students (whackily foreign) barely understand one another; his wife yearns hopelessly for fierce lovers; while in the background the local fascist butterfingers fumbles with his first bomb. Though one can admire the professional plot-weaving, the humour, for me at least, remained glumly earthbound. It springs neither from rigorous observation nor excited fancy, but from somewhere in between, from a sort of timid inflation of reality. Thus, the text is interspersed with jokily apocalyptic news bulletins, about, for instance, old ladies being trampled in the supermarket rush for scarce baked beans. Things are neither true enough, nor invented enough: where, except in the forbidden reading of one's youth, do women actually wallow naked in front of mirrors examining their bodies ('appraising' was always the verb, as it is for Mr Unsworth too). Gradually, you notice jokes borrowed from car stickers ('I never vote . . . it only encourages them'), and finally recall that the whole degree-shop theme was once neatly treated by Graham Greene in 'Greek Meets Greek'.

The sense of familiarity aroused by *The Auctioneer* is of a different order, and comes from the heavy influence of the cinema; not in any obvious formal way, as in Don Passos, but in the nature of the myths the novel constantly makes appeal to. The community whose moral weakness leads it to acquiesce in its own downfall; the honest ruralists outsmarted by a smooth-talking carpetbagger; the peaceable farmer threatened with eviction from his family lands who erupts into cleansing violence; and the final showdown in which the community reasserts itself and evil is purged. Though the setting is New Hampshire in the 1970s, the novel is a Western in its ethic and its pacing and has, not surprisingly, proved a fast seller over the water.

The evil outsider is Perly Dunsmore, who starts running weekly auctions to finance unnecessary police deputies; gradually, contributions from the locals become obligatory, and those who don't cough up get autoed or accidentally shot. Perly presents his campaign as a return to the good old-times – Yankee auctions, Sunday schools and good moral values – and for an awkward stretch allegory threatens. When Perly's system of rule turns out to be deeply secretive, the little sign saying Watergate (easily triggered nowadays) gives a nervous flash or two. At this point, fortunately, the *Straw Dogs* theme returns strongly. Joan Samson keeps the menace rising steadily, and the minutiae of homesteadry are as unskimped as you would expect in a first novel. One's chief puzzlement is why the whole enterprise doesn't come in celluloid form rather than between hard covers. But it will, of course, it will.

Finally, a brief salute to Alec Waugh for his 50th book; curiously, he has speeded up recently, and produced 32 of them in the last 20 years. His latest offering, unpresumptuous as ever, is extremely tolerable, a leisurely spy story in the Ashenden manner, definable by its terms of reference rather than by its plot: Tangier, British colony, Yacht Club, Theatre Group, Maugham, Ian Hay, Huxley, Lord's. The Tangerines don't get much of a look-in, but then they don't speak much English. In any case, the novel slowly turns away from local matters and spying to concentrate on a couple, hitched by an air-pistol wedding, whose relationship is under stress. In the end, warmingly, it endures: like Mr Waugh.

THE FUTURES OF EUROPE

Wayland Kennet

Two years ago the European Community decided it was suffering from a lack of long-term planning and forecasting, and its Council of Ministers called for a study of how to put this right. The project, known as *Europe Plus Thirty*, involved forty people from almost as many professions and from all the Community countries. It was directed by Wayland Kennet, who has now written a book based on material produced by members of the project team and specially designed to appeal to a general audience.

In the course of this study, almost all aspects of our 'futures' in Western Europe are reviewed—demographic as well as economic, political as well as technological, climatic as well as agricultural—and a new institution is recommended to develop long-term forecasts year after year. **£6.50 net**

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS

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CHILDREN'S BOOKS

Eric Korn

Jinglers and Gagoons

You're never too young for nostalgia. Facsimile reprints, you-are-there history books and amateur archaeology manuals bring the remembrance of things past to those who can't even recall the ten-shilling note. Even natural history is obsessed with conservation, which is nostalgia in action; intimidatingly so in John Dyson's *The Pond Book* (Puffin 75p): if dipping for tiddlers you must make preparations several days in advance, and every twig must go back where you found it. There are useful pictures, and an admonitory foreword from Prince Philip, calling for 'a little effort and attention' and no sniggering in the rear ranks.

More reassuring is another Puffin, Harold Oldroyd's *The Insects in Your Garden* (60p): you don't have to take specimens back to their natural habitat – you may release them in the garden without fear of causing a major ecological calamity. Angela Sheehan gives a precise and unsentimental account of the subjective experience of *Songthrush*, *Bumblebee* and *Hedgehog* (Angus & Robertson £1.60 each); her creatures face assorted predators and even fates worse than death: 'she heard a scuffling noise behind her. It was a male and he wanted to mate.' The excellent 'Closer Look' series (Hamish Hamilton £1.50) has added *Elephants*, *Great Cats* and *Bears and Pandas*; the prospect for all these is gloomy and they may soon join *Prehistoric Mammals* (already published) and *Prehistoric Reptiles* (in preparation).

The past is disappearing as fast as the present, and N. Lloyd and J. Laing, in *The Young Archaeologist's Handbook* (Piccolo 40p), are brusque in their advice to untrained would-be diggers: don't. Their opening sentences –

> Most people imagine that an archaeologist is an old man with a white beard who digs up buried treasure in old ruins to put in dusty museums. Nothing could be further from the truth

– taken literally, would seem to imply that an archaeologist is actually a clean-shaven young woman who takes worthless things out of museums and buries them; but they make it clear that there's plenty of evidence around without messing up the stratigraphy: 'there's no excuse for not finding things.'

There's no gilding of the olden days: Carol Barker's *An Oba of Benin* (Macdonald & Jane's £2.50) casts a fairly cold eye: 'nothing could resist such bravery – or the few but terrifying weapons of the Portuguese missionaries.' But the gorgeous illustrations more than make up for a rather lacklustre text: a mass of armoured Bini like a horde of glittering crustaceans on horses carved in toffee. The same author's *A Prince of Islam* has equally dazzling pictures, lush as Dulac, though one wonders, unkindly, if she can manage races without lustrous brown eyes.

In the 'Peoples of the Past' series (Macdonald Education £1.75) Judith Crosher does nothing to hide the bloodsoaked loutishness of *The Aztecs* (children were educated by pricking them with thorns or holding them in the smoke from a fire of burning peppers), and Michael Gibson is a little hard on *The Vikings*, understating the permanence of their settlements, though he points out that 'Hakon I tried to establish law and order by setting up *things* all over Norway'. Judy Hindley's *Book of Knights and Castles* (Usborne 75p and £1.40), despite some preliminary rubbish about Magic Time Helmets that had my children wondering which bits were real and which made up, is crammed with lively and unromantic detail to show that when knighthood was in flower life was mainly uncomfortable, smelly and brutal. 'Kings and noblemen help pay for huge cathedrals in hopes that God will forgive them for their cruelty in battle'; shabby crusaders bring back lies, apricots and arabic numerals, while, on land leased from penurious John Deadtooth, thrifty merchants get on with the rise of capitalism. *Castles* (Macdonald Topic Books £1.40), is full of jokes and games and models to make, but ends similarly with a wry poem by Richard Blythe:

> It must appear that fortresses
> Were useless all along:
> First strong, then weak, as weapons grew
> From club to bursting bomb.

There's a rosier view in Robert Matthys's *Princely Courts of the Renaissance* (Hart Davis £1.25) a pretty, bitty and brief 20-page gallop:

> Other courts, like that of the French King Francis I, became centres of humanism. Humanism is an attitude to life that puts man in the centre of things.

And now for Florence and Lorenzo the Mag. The same author has covered the *Rise of Industry in the 19th Century*. It is good to look at, reaches high and falls a little flat: 'You can see that in past ages people had the same problems that we have today.'

The problems we have today are not ignored. Specifically there is adoption, handled with unblinking benevolence by Althea in *David and his Sister Carol* (Dinosaur 85p): 'What do you think of having a little sister, perhaps one with a dark brown skin?' Palle Petersen's *Sally Can't See* (A. & C. Black £1.50) is helpful on what blindness feels like, and *Claire and Emma* by Diane Peter tackles deafness. The series, tactfully, is unnamed: a list of forthcoming titles might make a really repugnant NS competition.

Meanwhile Dilys Owen's Mr Munch grinds on through *Fish*, *Meat* and *Salt and Spices* (Muller £2.25 each). Half-hearted plots permit various eccentric relatives to deliver unashamed lectures, but children don't seem to mind, and the illustrations are now much improved. The best books flow unstoppably from their author's obsessions, and make no allowances for the reader. Paul White's *Getting about in Towns* (A. & C. Black £1.75) is a deluge of unfamiliar transport lore, packed with absorbing illustrations; David Macaulay's *Pyramid* (Collins £2.95) is so detailed and didactic that any bright child with a very large garden and about 50,000 servile playmates

Kate Greenaway's Book of Games
Charmingly illustrated description of traditional games and pastimes. A facsimile reprint of the first edition published in 1889. Ages 4+, £2.75

The Tale of the Golden Cockerel
ALEXANDER PUSHKIN
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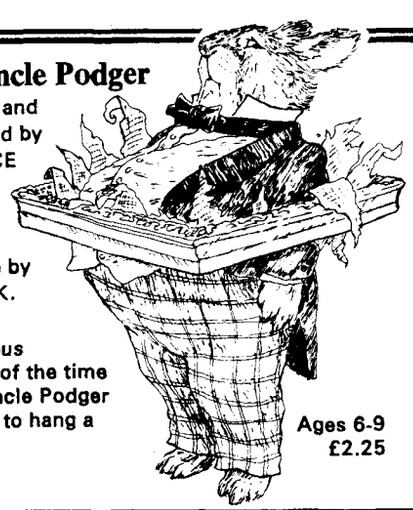

The Noel Streatfeild Birthday Story Book
Fully illustrated
A collection of stories by well-known authors, linked with Noel Streatfeild's reminiscences and introductions. Ages 9-14, £2.95

Picture Books in full colour
The Story of Christmas
FELIX HOFFMANN Ages 3-6, £2.95
Just for You £1.95, **There's a Nightmare in my Cupboard** £2.50, **One Monster After Another** £2.50
MERCER MAYER Ages 4-8

Dent

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should be able to make something quite impressive.

Unclassifiable but irresistible is the Dover reprint of the 1898 *Magic Moving Picture Book* (Constable £1.25). Jiggle the moiré grid over the pictures and watermills splash, a dancer's Art Nouveau draperies shimmy and shimmer, cog wheels rotate, a Monty Pythonesque volcano eruptively coruscates and a traction engine does whatever traction engines do.

A new line of Practical Puffins (Penguin 50p and £1.20) includes *Carpentry* (useful things like stilts, gumboot removers and tambourine sticks); the somewhat dubious *Strange Things to Do and Make* (ouija boards, pyramid power, talking to plants); and the delightful *Body Tricks to Teach Yourself*. Watch out for kids with decomposing thumbs, kids on buses laying eggs or miming sewing up their ears, kids with ventriloquial fists. ('Words with b sounds can be changed to g sounds. Baboon is hard – gagoon is easier.')

Richard Sharp's *Best Games People Play* (Ward Lock £2.95) seems to be for adults, though competitive children may enjoy Botticelli or Shanghai or Ockynocky or a sweepstake on the number of leaves on a pineapple. They would do better with the reprint of Kate Greenaway's *Book of Games* (Dent £2.75): 'Every child knows, or ought to know, the pleasure of bowling a hoop', and demure misses pursue rather violent pastimes, like Jinglers, a reverse blind man's buff where everyone is blindfolded except their quarry, the bellman. It sounds like an allegory, and should certainly make your party go with a swing, not to speak of several compound fractures.

Anne Redmon

Stay Hungry

Most of us can't think of Lazarus for long. From time to time, we put a penny in his hat hoping he'll drag his rags and sores away; others protest and parade Down-with-Dives banners: few can endure to look the starving in the eyes. Ann Schlee has made the confrontation unavoidable in *Ask Me No Questions* (Macmillan £3.25) – a remarkable book for children. She writes with an authority that makes the risk she takes worthwhile. Dives, here, is a middle-class Victorian community in Tooting which was then a country town; Lazarus is a workhouse school for children scandalously run for the profit of Benjamin Drouet – an actual villain exposed by Dickens. Laura is the tormented child who ultimately fails in her heroic effort to right what she so harrowingly sees as wrong.

To begin with, Laura is biddable beyond the call of duty. The habit of obedience is a pleasure she has learned at the feet of her adored clergyman father. When forced to stay in Tooting with Aunt Bolinger – a viper clothed in moral rectitude – she bends her head and turns her hands to sew for the deserving poor. But Laura's conscience

Some European titles from Oxford

Matteo
written and illustrated by Fiona French

Set in Renaissance Florence, this picture book tells the story of Matteo, a sculptor, whose friends resolve to teach him manners by means of a complicated practical joke. Fiona French's magnificent colour spreads vividly evoke the atmosphere of the time. £3.25

The Nutcracker
Alexandre Dumas
translated by Douglas Munro
illustrated by Phillida Gili

Douglas Munro's new translation of this classic French tale whisks us into the enchanting world of an eighteenth-century nursery and into the stranger world of the Land of Toys. £3.95

Gold Crown Lane
Irmelin Sandman Lilius
illustrated by Ionicus

Irmelin Sandman Lilius is acknowledged in Scandinavia as an exceptionally imaginative children's writer. Here is the first volume of her award-winning trilogy set at the turn of the century in Tulavall, an imaginary town on the Finnish coast, where many mysteries lurk below the surface of its quiet day-to-day existence. £2.95 11 November

The Adventures of Pascalet
Henri Bosco
illustrated by John Ward

Henri Bosco, who died this year, was without doubt one of the finest French novelists of this century. Two of his stories for young people, *The Fox in the Island* and *Barboche,* are here reissued in one volume for the delight of a new generation of readers. £3.50

Books for children and young people

Oxford University Press

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The most successful children's history book ever published. With full colour illustrations.
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By Frances Hodgson Burnett

LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY

'I should rather not be an earl. None of the boys are earls. Can't I *not* be one?' was Cedric's reaction after hearing he was to inherit his grandfather's title. This is one of the few real classics in children's literature. **£2.50 net.**

THE SECRET GARDEN

Mary was the most disagreeable child ever: then she found the Secret Garden and made an effort to change her imperious ways. The Secret Garden was first published in 1911 and has continued to charm both children and adults ever since. New illustrations have been prepared for this edition by Colin Twinn. **£2.50 net.**

A LITTLE PRINCESS

This is the enchanting classical tale of Sara Crewe 'A Little Princess' whose fortunes dramatically changed. It was then that Sara discovered the grim side of life, and also some true friends. Colin Twinn's illustrations capture the atmosphere of this famous children's classic. **£1.95 net.**

WARNE & CO LTD
40 Bedford Sq London WC1B 3HE

craves the deeper and less pretty tune of truth. She hears a calf born in her uncle's barn. No one will tell her why the cow was 'crying'. She doesn't dare ask where the calf came from. In guilty speculation, she hangs round the hay loft hoping to find out. Instead she finds three of Drouet's inmates from next door gorging pigswill.

Imagine Belsen on the outskirts of Cranford and you see Laura's dilemma. She knows she's got to tell – but whom? Her aunt forbids the topic of Drouet more firmly than the provenance of calves; the other Tooting worthies are too self-interested to hear. Subtly, she's made to feel that her concern's immoral. The habit of obedience strikes her dumb. But bit by bit her barn self emerges. She brings the children her own food, thinking this will do. It doesn't. The children are insatiable. At last, the anarchy of what is true bursts through the child in anguish. She steals a pie. Her piety for what is false convinces her that she's incurred hellfire.

Finally, cholera liberates them all: 180 children, including Laura's charges, die. The child is vindicated but the trauma remains. Should she have told? Could she have told? Children mature enough for this complex and delicately written book will have to ask.

Sex, for all its sometimes gruesome oughts and shouldn'ts, never deserved *Forever . . .* (Gollancz £2.95). 'Would you like to see your cervix?' chirps old rubber-gloves up at Planned Parenthood. 'I don't know . . .' our heroine demurs (actually she's dying to). 'I think it's a good idea to become familiar with your body.' Judy Blume takes more than just a peek at Kath and Michael making it in Summit, NJ. From first base all the way to home, we get the blow by blow. Kath loses her virginity with one qualm – she doesn't have an orgasm. 'Maybe it was the rubber,' Michael says. Maybe it was. Anyhow, they work it out (they love each other, don't they?): but satisfaction leaves tristesse and Mom and Dad think marriage is appalling at 18. Wasn't she lucky she was careful? Isn't it great they were both so well adjusted? Their friend Artie, a closet queer, tries suicide when vamped beyond endurance by raunchy Erica. That's good too: 'Now at least, Artie will get the kind of professional help he's needed all along.' Kath bops off with another guy, a better candidate for the deep relationship than sniffling Mike, who's taught her two positions – and love.

Little girls fare better. Winifred Crawley's *Silver Everything* (Oxford £2.95) chronicles the fortunes of a passionately respectable family on its uppers in pre-war Newcastle. Jinty's Mam and Dad survive, but only just. Jinty is unloved, but self-pity is only another luxury she can't afford. In the end, you feel a charity for the flinty family, even though they'd rather die than take it. Miss Crawley renders Important Feelings Like This (Winnie-the-Pooh-wise); it's arch and that's a pity because she has a grasp of character and a feeling for the past which catches at the mind like yellowed photographs. *Shiva's Pearls* (Hamish Hamilton £3.25) sets out to entertain and does. Harriet Graham's Edwardian orphan girl eludes predators and, after a literal cliff-hanger, discovers an exotic inheritance.

Bette Greene's *Philip Hall Likes Me. I Reckon Maybe* (Hamish Hamilton £2.75) has no business to be good with a title like that, but it is. Beth and Philip, two spry black ten-year-olds in rural Arkansas fight the battle of the sexes up one adventure and down another with the good-natured bloodymindedness so typical of their age. A Sunday school picnic is too reminiscent of *Tom Sawyer*, but Miss Greene finds a warmth in children that the other authors I have mentioned haven't found. Perhaps they haven't looked.

Roy Fuller

Leaving School

Our Blackheath Comprehensive School
(for mice)
Provides a master who will give advice
About careers; and if he's not a fool,
In his last term, or earlier, at school
A mouse should see this master on the tricky
Problem of work. His name is Mr Michie.
His desk is covered with brochures on what
Sheer fun it is to join the Army, not
A cat in sight, while you, sent overseas,
Chat up the local ladies over cheese;
On openings in Town (where jobs abound
And even humans travel underground).
Perhaps the most attractive are the places
Where the top portion of the human race is –
Those vacancies for clearing up the bits
In the vast kitchens of the hotel Ritz
Or the Elysium of the hungry mouse –
After a garden party at Buck House,
Where every woman (also every man)
Leave their Swiss Rolls to gawp at
Princess Anne.
Of course, few rodents have the *savoir faire*
To keep up with the social standards there –
Not to neglect to bow, say, to the Prince,
Hiding your tart of strawberry jam or mince.

So Michie, talking to a rather hairy
School-leaver called (you might have
guessed it) Gary,
Advised against the Piccadilly scene
And also lodging with HM the Queen.
'Gary,' he said, 'I'd like to see you try
For something in science or technology.
One of the Defence Establishments, perhaps,
Working on antidotes and anti-traps.'

'Oh no, sir. Such things aren't for me.
I've planned
To tour the world with what you'd call
my "band" –
In fact a group known as "The Bacon Rind".'

'Ah Gary, I'm afraid you're just as blind
As those Three of our species in the rhyme.
At least a million young mice at this time
Aspire to make a journey to the stars
By beating drums or strumming on guitars.
And all they do is prove what people say –
"As noisy as a mouse." Mice shouldn't play
If the (rock) cats are going to stay away.'

'Oh very clever, sir. But I'm a mouse
Already booked for TV's *Second House.*
Fame among highbrows will be in the bag
After we're introduced by Melvyn Bragg.'

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Bronwen O'Connor

Lions and Shadows

Two volumes of critical essays arrived in my box of children's books and I put them to one side at first. I feared they just might be of the Meaningful Relationships in a Teacher-type Situation school, and once jargoned, a hundred times shy. Far from it. They illuminated everything I had been reading. So, although a little reviewing is a dangerous thing, I must describe them, however scrappily, as well as the other books.

Writers, Critics and Children, edited by Geoff Fox and others (Heinemann £4.95 and £1.95), has articles reprinted from a journal called *Children's Literature in Education.* Education? Certainly, meaning the enriching of a whole life. Children's literature? Yes indeed, and how and why it is written, by the authors themselves mainly, and how it too lasts a lifetime. For example, here is Joan Aiken, relishing words (what's a whoobub, doddypol, cockshut time?) and asserting that 'poverty of detail instantly stamps a book as second rate'; Nina Bawden remembering a 'swollen-bellied pig, it bobbed in the water and squeaked' and why it was important when it shouldn't have been; Geoffrey Trease imagining precisely what time was like before watches started ticking the minutes away in 1675; Russell Hoban on the Shirtless Cyclist and the importance of being Robin Hood; David Holbrook chastising C. S. Lewis for being un-Christian; Pamela Barnard showing how to use stories in schools without killing them; and Edward Blishen saying – Read Aloud and That's all. Also Ted Hughes, in the only previously unpublished essay, asking why Plato, who would have excluded poets from his ideal state, thought the traditional myths and tales were essentials for its citizens. This exploration leads him where it's sometimes dark to follow, deep into man's inner world, to the realms of the imagination, to where a story 'can wield so much and a world wields a story', to the patterns and images of myths which migrate and build new lives. The article is profound and it's crude to precis, so the reviewer just mentions that the book is not expensive – and turns to a pile of Fairy Tales, looking at them, not as poet or specialist, but reader (and reader-aloud) of long-sitting.

The Red Fairy Book collected by Andrew Lang, edited by Brian Alderson (Kestrel Books £3.95), is still one of the best, most varied collections of all: four stories omitted; edited to restore and strengthen the prose (the 'dirty girl' becomes a 'dirty slut' in 'Mother Holle'); with notes on origins. *Tales from Central Russia* by James Riordan (Kestrel Books £4.50) is a very handsome book, full of appropriate drawings by Krystyna Turska: 47 stories from Afanasiev's collection, about Baba Yaga and the Firebird and peasants and wolves and The Archer who Went I Know Not Where . . . But Baba Yaga here flies quietly in her mortar, whereas Old Peter heard her going bang, bang, bangety bang, and gnashing her iron teeth. (Puffin do Arthur Ransome's tales for pence not pounds, but fewer and different stories.) The rhythm of *Donegal Fairy Stories* by Seumas MacManus (Constable £2.10) drives on like the Plaisham in the story, which everyone sticks to, rearing and rawting and rollicking on as maybe it has since the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, poor soul, was recited to death by the poet Niall O'Higgins.

Hans Andersen: His Classic Fairy Tales translated by Erik Haugaard (Gollancz £3.95) contains 18 out of the 156 stories. From the original Danish, not vastly different from, for instance, the M. R. James translations (42 stories, 1930), sometimes more aptly colloquial, sometimes not so flowing. It's shocking, though, to compare either with 'as told by' versions by lesser writers, who dare to take what images please them, ignoring others, and the way they are put. Full-page colour and black and white illustrations by Michael Foreman, some powerful, shadowy and suggestive. My seven-year-old Euan was terrified of the dog with eyes as big as millstones. Safe in my hands, but not to be left alone with. For earlier fairy-tale illustrations, see *Charles & William Heath Robinson* edited by David Larkin (Constable £4.95, Pan £2.95). Large reproductions, all in colour: very strange. Charles Robinson, William's brother, illustrated 'The Happy Prince', one of Oscar Wilde's stories. All these are now reprinted with an introduction by Naomi Lewis: *The Fairy Stories of Oscar Wilde* (Gollancz £2.95).

Fairy-tales and fear (and depression too – Penelope Farmer, in the first book I mentioned, says she found Andersen terribly depressing) are part of my second volume of essays, *Suitable for Children*? edited and introduced by Nicholas Tucker (Sussex £6.00). All reprinted essays, the contributors include Jill Paton Walsh, Catherine Storr, J. B. Priestley, G. K. Chesterton, Dickens and Lamb. It's a cauldron of questions. Are fairy-tales too fearful? 'Leave this precious old escape alone', says Dickens and rewrites Cinderella, updating it ludicrously. But what about Hansel and Gretel? What about war comics and lousy stinking foreign rats? What of fears no one can foresee, like Little Bo-peep's sheep, heard horribly 'bleeding'? Is fear necessary? Also – how about banning Little Black Sambo? – and how unimaginative Beatrix Potter is. What is a children's book, anyway? Mental jerks, and lots of them, wisely supervised by Nicholas Tucker. Of one thing one can be sure – whatever an active (violent but not cruel) critic, such as a parent, throws into the dustbin, our children will be amazed – fancy taking *that* seriously – and consider us dotty. But then dottiness is quite Suitable for Parents.

As for that other horror, the telly, Ted Hughes writes how in a 'truly practical' way it paralyses mind and limb. *The Joke Shop* by D. J. Enright (Chatto £2.50) has

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Herr Brush, Inspector Barlow and Mr Spock (*who* did you say?) investigating some missing persons. Three children, one of them a Master Malaprop, and all temporarily shoved out of the house by a busy father, meet this trio in a park, and take up the search. They go through a seedy old Joke Shop (Dracula's dentures with bloodstains attached), into the dark, the Shadow land, where The Shadeau holds them captive, re-educating them with lessens (sic) about the Dimsday Book and John Nox, while they gradually lose their senses, their feet melting into the floor, becoming shadowier . . . Cut to the three detectives, who are searching poetry books in the Public Library for light and dark clues. Cut back to Shadow land. Attempts to escape. Wild flight on a horse. A pageant . . . The story holds so many ambiguities and allusions (the author is a poet), that I wondered even more than usual what children would make of this complex and original book, learned and full of jokes, written from an adult viewpoint. My children (a tiny sample) reported: Andrew, 14, unimpressed by the detectives and the jokes, found the Shadow land episodes exciting and creepy; Patrick, 17, enjoyed it all, finding the serious parts interesting, and the funny parts funny.

A Flute in Mayferry Street by Eileen Dunlop (Oxford £3.25) concerns a boy, his older sister who is paralysed from the waist down, their mother, their old house in Edinburgh and the people who once lived in it, furious untold rage, brave hopes, a flute that is too expensive and one that plays alone in an empty room – and the reader (this one anyway). The two children are clearing out an old bookshelf one day when they find a 50-year-old letter. It mentions a valuable box left in the house. What was in it? Whose? They discover an old brown photograph. Could it be the owner? Who was he and what was he like? The old house's past stirs and the children become aware of it. The thread of the mystery is strong, the author's eye is clear, and she surely understands what it is to be young and helpless. It has a happy ending.

Two books and two worlds. Here's a third. *Little Man, Little Man* by James Baldwin (Michael Joseph £2.95) is a child's story for adults, says the blurb. Maybe. It certainly looks like a picture-book for children with big type and scribbly drawings all over the place, and colour-wash that isn't all that particular where it goes, by Yoran Cazac. Very lively, like the writing. No plot. Some blood. Lots of skipping and jumping and fighting and running errands up and down the New York streets. Mostly about two boys, but also Miss Lee, 'she smell strong, like smoke, and sweet' and Miss Beanpole, she smells of peanuts, and Blinky and Mr Man down in the basement. Scenes of childhood. Andrew snatched the book and began reading in his best American;

> He bounce the ball hard, as hard as he can, back up into the air. It go way, way up, now look at that you over there skipping rope, I sure hope you all saw that you jive, and he catches the ball as the ball comes down but it knocks him on his ass.

Euan liked that: that was funny.

FUN WITH ECOLOGY

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Alan Ryan

Read All about It

The first book I tried reading to my daughter – she was three weeks old at the time – was *Hume's Philosophical Politics* by Duncan Forbes (Cambridge £9.50). This was not a forlorn attempt to get her into the *Guinness Book of Records* alongside such monsters of precocious learning as Macaulay and J. S. Mill. It was simply that Dr Forbes's subject matter kept me awake at three in the morning, and, more importantly, that his prose sent her to sleep. It now strikes me that there is a moral in this. Children's books aimed at the three- to six-year-olds – before they can read fluently on their own – depend for success on the interest they arouse in their adult readers. Appealing to infant taste is a strikingly hit-and-miss business, but grown-up inventiveness and energy can be sustained on a more predictable basis.

The prettiness of Kate Greenaway illustrations makes the *Kate Greenaway Wall Frieze* (Warne 98p) very welcome. Conscientious parents may feel that they ought to engage in the bibliographic research to discover the dramatic role of these sad family groups, these restrained tea-parties and decorously dancing shepherdesses; others may be puzzled by the task of inventing a sequential narrative to take the story round the room without offending that picky taste for logic which so many children seem to possess at the age of four and to lose when they get 'educated'. But Willi Baum's *The Expedition* (Blackie £2.50) is a splendid story without words – an aggressive, 1900s battleship anchors off a tropical island; its crew hack their way through the jungle, and loot great chunks of a temple they saw from the beach; back at the ship, they find a stripped hull – and a look through the telescope reveals that unseen natives have appropriated the superstructure to replace lost columns and capitals; discomfited aggressors row away, while three funnels steam tranquilly atop the temple. No doubt parents will decide for themselves at what age the concept of decolonisation can decently be introduced into the infant mind . . .

Dick Bruna's drawings already have a considerable following; *Miffy in Hospital* and *Miffy at the Playground* are two more tales of quiet bravery and quiet enjoyment among middle-class rabbits, while *Another Story to Tell* supplies the pictures to go with the back-garden winter sports of its Charlie Brown-like hero (all Methuen 75p). From Australia there are several books in a similar style, though relying more on big splashes of clear, bright colour than on a witty drawing line; it's a safe bet that anyone who likes Dick Bruna will enjoy Christopher McKimmie's alphabet book, *Apple to Zoo,* or *The Painted Bird* – a moral little work, which not only teaches children how to mix primary colours to get the rest of the palette, but teaches them that gaudiness doesn't equal beauty while it is about it (Hicks Smith/Methuen 75p). Althea Braithwaite's *Moving House* and *I Go to Playschool* (Souvenir Press £1.00 each) are stories with an overtly reassuring aim; the small hero of *Moving House* quite properly misses his friends and takes some time to like his new home, but wins through in the end. Perhaps we could see if something along the lines of 'I eventually get to a Seminar' would make an impact at post-school rather than pre-school level. There will, I'm sure, be people who will find Althea Braithwaite's stories altogether too unrealistic; the little boy who enjoys the family's new house because it is a lot bigger than the last one will not strike much of a chord in the little boy whose parents have just had to abandon house when the mortgage rate struck 12½ per cent; and I'm not sure how many suburban playschools are the happy multi-racial affairs depicted here.

Up the age range, and among books of a greater complexity of story line and illustration, there are some extremely fetching books about. One of the most fetching is Nicola Bayley's version of *Puss in Boots* (Cape £2.95), which is fortunate in a decidedly tongue-in-cheek interpretation of the tale of the cat from the pen of Christopher Logue. It has pop-up pictures of great intricacy and prettiness, and little, jewel-like illustrations in the corners of the text – as if a medieval illustrator had conspired with a Victorian schoolmarm of rather advanced tastes. The three-dimensionality of the pop-ups is excellent – once the book

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is open on a table, you can walk round and see that the tree is a tree behind as well as in front, or check on the design of the back of Puss's cloak as well as the front. *Ratsmagic* (Cape £2.50) is rather less successful, however. Here, Logue cooperates with Wayne Anderson to tell the story of the abducted Bluebird and her egg. The entire exercise is excessively spooky. The drawings seem to be the result of crossing American Gothic with the fantasies of Rousseau le Douanier, but an enormous unsmiling crow, dominating a landscape of sickly, cabbage-like trees, is an unpersuasive image of the contentment to be found in the Valley of Peace. And Logue's story is both gappy and unstructured – members of the cast mostly have too little to do, and the climax of the tale is simply omitted, for we are brought to the point where the rescue of the Bluebird is about to be accomplished and promptly swept on to its aftermath.

Aldous Huxley's only children's story was written for his niece Olivia at Christmas 1944. *The Crows of Pearblossom* (Chatto £2.25) was published after Huxley's death in 1967, and now has illustrations by Hans Schabracq which are very redolent of 1944, and fit the American brashness of the story to perfection. It's probably a book to keep out of the way of any mother who has been infected with aspirations for what (I think) the trade terms 'jointness in conjugal roles'. Abraham Crow goes to see his ally Old Man Owl, and they cook and paint a couple of pot eggs with which to immobilise the egg-eating rattlesnake who's been terrorising the crows of the title. When they breeze back at midnight to plant the eggs, Mrs Crow gets a bit shrewish. Abraham tells her: 'Amelia, you talk too much. Keep your beak shut and get out of the nest.' She meekly does what she's told, but even then, when she asks what the scheme is, all she gets is ' "Wait and see", said Old Man Owl; and with that he flew off toward Llano, where he had an appointment with a friend to go gopher hunting.'

James Reeves's *The Clever Mouse* (Chatto £1.90) offers less distressing role-models. Although the clever little mouse of the title defeats her mother's attempts to limit her aspirations, we are left in some doubt about her chances of escaping eventual come-uppance. Barbara Swiderska's drawings catch the flavour of the text's quaintness. James Reeves has a mouse in a Persian garden telling her clever daughter to abandon all hope of getting back into a summer-house taken over by a snake in language which combines Istfahan with Welwyn Garden City. 'No doubt it was written in the stars at the time of your birth that you were not destined to own a desirable summer residence', says mum, and the pictures depict stout Hassan the gardener with the naturalist's eye that provides the details of roses, honeysuckle and fuchsia. Goodness knows what children will make of all these, but it looks like a happy Christmas for their parents.

NEXT WEEK
Edward Boyle reviews the Crossman Diaries

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What does a polite king do when he finds a dragon as his neighbour? A collection of stories about dragons and other animals.
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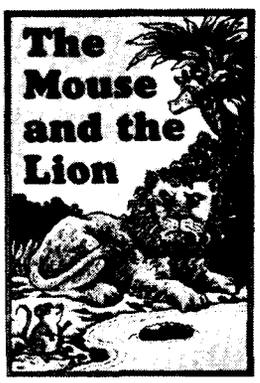

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for washing his face,
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for rubbing his ears;
He pads along
with silent grace.'

Other poems by Randle Manwaring:
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ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

John Spurling

In Praise of Ownership

Recent Paintings by Prunella Clough
Serpentine Gallery
Paintings and Drawings by Merlyn Evans
New Art Centre

Reviewing *Art in 17th-Century Holland* at the National Gallery some weeks ago, I failed to use a striking quotation from Christopher Brown's catalogue. John Evelyn visited the Rotterdam fair, 'so furnished with pictures', in 1641 and 'was amaz'd . . . 'tis an ordinary thing to find, a common farmer lay out two or three thousand pounds in this commodity, their houses are full of them, and they vend them at their kermesses to very great gains'. It is true that the railings of Kensington Gardens and Green Park have come to serve a similar purpose, but I suspect that the Dutch farmers got rather better value for their steeper outlay. Yet owning good contemporary paintings is not beyond the reach of those of us who can afford, say, colour television, a cheap second-hand car or even the rates, and it often surprises me how seldom dealers seem to expect to sell their wares beyond a small circle of recognised collectors. It is not widely put about, for instance, that some galleries will allow you to buy paintings in instalments without even charging interest.

I am not, or only incidentally, writing a commercial for private art galleries, nor do I want to propagate the idea of art as financial investment or status-symbol. Perhaps art critics shy away from writing about paintings as things which can be transferred to your own walls because they are afraid to tangle with the unaesthetic question of price or the bourgeois notion of acquisition, but no exhibition, permanent or temporary, is a substitute for being able to look at paintings domestically, informally, in all kinds of light, in the same intimate conditions as one reads books. This is especially true of contemporary work, which, without necessarily being inferior to work of the past in invention or craftmanship, is superior simply in being about or related to the world we live in. To have even one contemporary painting hanging where you can see it every day is to have a key to many others, not only by that particular artist but also by his fellows; so that owning paintings actually gives one increased interest and pleasure in paintings one doesn't own. It is in that sense less like the acquisition of objects than the initiation into a branch of knowledge.

This may seem a paradoxical direction from which to approach the paintings of Prunella Clough, who must be one of the most serious, least overtly commercial artists now living and painting in England. But the truth is that in spite of her long record of 'accumulated good stuff', in Henry James's phrase, and her very high reputation, particularly among fellow-artists, she continues to sell her work at what, by any comparable standard, are knock-down prices. The reason must be that she wants her work to be owned by ordinary down-at-heel people as much as by public galleries and well-heeled collectors.

Prunella Clough began painting in the Forties and has had two major retrospectives: in 1960 at the Whitechapel Gallery during its palmiest days, and four years ago at the Graves Gallery, Sheffield. She has moved steadily from figurative painting to abstraction, although her subject-matter has remained more or less unchanged. If this seems a contradiction, it is nonetheless the essential ingredient of her art. Her early representational paintings of industrial landscape, machinery, lorry-drivers, slag-heaps and the like were as much evocations of the atmosphere in which these objects had their being as her latest wholly abstract paintings are evocations of the objects still adhering to that now dominant atmosphere.

In terms of composition the change is from crowded canvases, whose fastidious arrangement of line and density imposed aesthetic order on, say, the inside of a printworks seen at close quarters, to large areas of plain ground against which float a few simple shapes. Even these are sometimes no more than outlines framing part of the background in a chevron, a rough circle or, as in *Inside/Outside: in focus*, a conglomeration of soft dropping shapes like beads of rain on a grey window-pane. Her subtle range of subdued colours, browns, greys, creams, has not changed much, except to become more luminous and textured. Some of the paintings, however, contain an element new to her, the introduction of a floating object in another mode: in *Inside/Outside* it is a cross shape of what might be wallpaper; in *Past Event* a plume of orange smoke against a light grey ground is attended towards the bottom left by an entirely schematic grid, red lines on white, not a window through which one sees the rest of the painting, but apparently a sort of reminder of human geometry.

This deliberately artificial effect seems to me a miscalculation. Clough's most haunting paintings are not those in which the act of painting is symbolised by what the painter has seen out of the corner of her eye, but those – such as the grand *Undergrowth* or the smaller *Interior Space* – where the nearest objects actually become the artist's threads or stepping-stones across her chosen ground. What once thrust themselves forward as likenesses of men or machines now mark out the area of a visible mood, as rhythms do for the aural moods of music, as do Mondrian's grids and squares of pure colour, which once masqueraded as trees or windmills. Clough's paintings are easy to like, but difficult to know in spite of their disarming simplicity. They make a good exhibition, but their enigmas would be still better studied separately under close and constant surveillance.

Merlyn Evans, a decade senior to Clough, died three years ago, His work too turned abstract in the Sixties, but never recaptured the strength of his earlier paintings. Some of these are on display with a selection of drawings at the New Art Centre, which has also recently been showing some Cloughs, one of which has mysteriously got itself illustrated in the Serpentine's catalogue. Evans, who later served in the Eighth Army, was strongly moved by the political events of the Thirties and Forties, and his most powerful painting in this show was occasioned by the Hitler-Stalin pact of 1939. Two great armoured figures, with several sets of teeth, lean together over a chess board broken into several planes. Evans's forms are hard, spiky and complex – he was influenced by Chirico, of whom he did a fine portrait drawing, and Wyndham Lewis – but this first impression of discomfort is offset by his use of small areas of rich colour. *The Chess Players'* armour is green and orange, they sit on red plush chairs and are framed by green and yellow flames which shoot up to right and left of the canvas. In *Industrial Landscape*, painted in 1952, three monstrous machines bar the foreground, while two more recede into a distance of flames. The machines look black and threatening, all sharp edges, but they are full of inviting panels of crimson, deep yellow, pink, blues and greens, as if the painter's eye refused to respond to the heavy hints of doom dropped by the painter's conscious mind.

The best drawings seem to me the wittiest: a tall, thin and nervous-looking boxer; a set of studies of *Ladies at Exhibition*, all metamorphosed into Henry Moores; and a very convincing drinker, in dry-point and aquatint, with a thick plunging eye and mouth and the top of his head plunging at the same angle.

Television

Ian Hamilton

Do It Yourself

'You can't watch television for a whole week, George, you'll go blind.' 'But I thought that's what happened when . . .'. This deft hint that George does know how to handle himself was the only interesting new twist in last week's *George and Mildred* (Thames) and it surely must have come as a relief to many of his several million sympathisers. Mildred packs a mean mouthful of teeth and we have long ago grown used to seeing George spend most of his life trying to avoid them, but there has always been some question about what this craven fellow gets up to in his spare time. Now we know. The telly/self-abuse analogy was

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pursued with high subtlety throughout and helped somewhat to distract us from the leaden jests, the creakingly contrived com. sit. and – I was vaguely surprised to note – the really rather joyless, ill-timed performances of the main actors. George has a week off from work (whatever his work is). Mildred wants him to decorate the lounge; George wants to gape at the box. Mildred wants to talk; George wants to slump. Mildred wants an early night; George can't wait to hit the late late show – in private. Then the television set breaks down (the symbolic high point of the drama) and George is reduced to *pretending* to watch *Crossroads* rather than pay heed to his wife's mountingly tense overtures.

Intriguing stuff, although it should be said that this episode was unusually multi-layered. Normally the enfeebled George is just a feed-man for Mildred's predatory innuendoes, and neither of them has been anything like as competent and well-scripted as they were in *Man About the House,* the precursor of their current show. There they exhibited a genuine sourness in their attitude to the bumbling young swingers upstairs; and a certain pathos, too, in the sense that one knew for sure that they were past it, trapped for keeps, that they'd be there when the others (any others) had moved on, etc. None of this is present in their new series. An interesting bit-part has been stretched way beyond its means, and George and Mildred have been promoted from futility to routine suburban striving. A big mistake; so big that *G and M* is top of the ratings, stealing fans from *Panorama* by the thousand.

Another comedy pairing which I'm told has gone downhill is *The Liver Birds* (BBC-1). I'd heard the show praised for its gritty scouse verve, but in the episode I saw even the scouse accents had erratic vowels. The wide-eyed, pretty one battled to be complemented by the worldly dog who shares digs with her, but the repartee was just a series of damp collisions, and the plot laughably mirth-free. As one might expect, it was a mistaken-identity concoction, and there was some fun to be had in hopping across from time to time to its competitor, *Two's Company* (LWT), which was churning out a similar assemblage of misunderstandings. They dovetailed perfectly, with Donald Sinden's butler wrongly suspected of a theft, and Nerys Hughes wrongly praised for preventing one. Maybe that's the way to watch these things, hard be it on the wrists.

World in Action (Granada) saved itself some work last week by dredging up a five-year-old programme on truancy and mounting a where-are-they-now search for its main stars. We were shown the pimpled sulkers as they were, lolling in bed, messing around with air pistols, kicking tin cans, and more or less explaining why they thought school was a waste of their valuable time. And then we were whisked up to date and introduced to three clear-complexioned life-builders, two of whom were attending night-school and learning foreign languages in their free moments. The third was in Australia, which is more or less the same thing. Worried by what all this might mean, *WIA* consulted Manchester's Education Officer, who confessed that he was beginning to think that non-academic kids intending to leave school at 16 might be given some kind of vocational instruction in their last year. I wasn't sure that that was what he'd really like to do to them.

On the matter of shiftiness, I was much entertained by *Tonight*'s (BBC-1) interview with Hugh Cudlipp (whose autobiography is reviewed on page 638), regarding his treatment of Cecil King – 'one of the three most impressive men' Cudlipp had ever known. Or arranged to be dislodged. The dirty deed was done because King had become power-hungry. Couldn't you have told him he was finished face to face? No, Cecil was a proud man; he'd rather have received the news by letter. Couldn't you have warned him it was coming? No. Cecil was an aloof man; it wasn't easy to approach him with information of this kind. Wasn't it all a bit ruthless? Yes. Cecil was a ruthless man; he knew Fleet Street was a jungle. And so on. Tough stuff, we thought, but that's the way it is. Until Ludovic Kennedy wanted to know why, when Cudlipp had so ruthlessly appropriated King's job, he didn't make more of a success of it. Well, Hugh explained, the trouble was that the job needed a 'ruthless butcher' to make a real go of it. 'It's difficult for a creative man to be ruthless.'

Radio

Craig Raine

Synaesthesia

I've invented a new art form. Surrealist radio. It works like this. Everything is normal, a skin forms confidently on your cup of Ovaltine, the fridge in the kitchen is humming the tune of Schoenberg's Violin Concerto rather badly, and the wave bands glow like a radioactive slide rule. Whatever is, is right. Two people are discussing, with enviable expertise and fluency, a new biography of Fatty Arbuckle on Radio 4's *Kaleidoscope*. Suddenly, the doors of perception are flung back on their yawning hinges. You hear, before they shut again, a ghostly voice whispering 'I'm sorry. I'm sorry' in answer to a quite untaxing question. You might think at first, in a vaguely philistine way, that someone has simply panicked and dried. But normal service is resumed with such panache that this explanation must be rejected: it's clear that neither speaker has heard this orphan's whimper, and if they didn't apologise, then you can't have either. There is no one else in the room. You wonder a bit, after that, if the fridge isn't actually humming Bartok.

Arts programmes are in general a rich source of the surreal. *Kaleidoscope*, for instance, goes out five nights a week and therefore can hardly afford to pick and choose. This tends to mean that painting and ballet, arts ideally suited to the medium of radio, receive due scrutiny. I mean, why go to Sadler's Wells when you can hear Nureyev dancing on wireless? Under the circumstances, Oleg Kerensky talked a great deal of sense, despite the interruption of a snatch of music 'to remind us of Nureyev', which is rather like rustling a score into the microphone to remind us of Beethoven.

Sometimes the difficulties overwhelm the critics: there was, for example, David Thomson on Rembrandt's drawings. After evoking the paintings as 'an art that exists in strange darkness and a kind of night-time feel' (*chiaroscuro* was the word he was after), he passed on to the drawings: 'the drawings are, as it were, the daylight equivalent just in physical terms; it's white paper with, with, brown ink marks on.' As it were. It seemed almost as improbable as radio ventriloquism and brought back the memory of *Educating Archie*, where Peter Brough did the voice of Archie Andrews so brilliantly that you could *hear* his lips weren't moving. If you sree what I mrean.

Group endeavours like Radio 3's *Critics' Forum* are, on the whole, more rigorous, but not without their surreal elements. For a start, everyone identifies everyone else until the listener becomes fixated on their names: 'Well, I disagree with Paul Bailey, but what did you think, Gillian Reynolds?' 'I'd like to go back to the point made by John Weightman, though I agree with Paul Bailey . . .' 'John Weightman?' 'Yes, I think Gillian Reynolds may be right . . .' 'Gillian Reynolds?' In addition, there are those strange remarks which sound like quotations from Lewis Carroll: discussing the National Theatre's *Tamburlaine*, most people found it anti-religious but John Weightman disagreed: 'all anti-religious works are fundamentally religious, of course.' I switched across to Radio 4's *Stop the Week with Robert Robinson,* where a brains' trust explored the implications of Gore Vidal's zip fly (apparently having a retrospective on the Russell Harty show). As they tooed and froed and tussled with the zipper, I rephrased John Weightman's statement. All anti-Nazi works are fundamentally Nazi, of course. All zip flies are fundamentally buttons, of course. There again, perhaps religion is a special case where logic does not apply? Er, Gillian Bailey?

On *Music Now* (Radio 3), J. W. Lambert of the *Sunday Times* inaugurated a discussion of the critic's role by complaining that reviewers introduced scholarly comparisons instead of conveying an immediate impression. A bizarre moment of revelation followed as Mr Lambert assured us that the opening words of a review by the late Colin Mason were graven on his heart. Graven on his heart! 'Barenboim, Lorin Maazel and the LSO at the Festival Hall last night,' he recited, 'gave us playing of great distinction comma but not true greatness.' Unmemorable enough comma I think you'll agree comma to warrant open heart surgery as an aid to memory. No one protested, presumably because Mr Lambert was juggling with his dilating, slippery notes. I like a man who speaks with his heart on his hand.

I've always admired David Hockney, for the quiet good taste of his gold lamé jackets and for selecting a work of pornography to supplement the Bible and Shakespeare on his desert island. He turned up troomps again on *Start the Week* (Radio 4), flooring everyone with his deadpan wit. The theme of

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the programme was provincialism and he made the most of being picked for Yorkshire: he thought once that he was cultivating a Californian twang but, he conceded in a voice like lumpy custard, 'I still think I have a slight Yorkshire accent.' Speaking generally about painting, he admitted he had painted propaganda pictures for vegetarianism. With a glint in his voice, Kenneth Robinson interrupted to inquire about a packet of tea Hockney had been 'overwhelmed' by. Modern art was plainly about to be attacked, so Hockney sold him a beautiful dummy – 'That's got nothing to do with vegetarianism.' The silenced Robinson was far too thick to point out that they were talking about art in general. The best moment, however, had a surrealist frisson. Richard Baker asked about Hockney's TV admission of homosexuality: 'Do people write to you from Bradford, saying they're outraged?' There was a slight pause. 'They don't know my address.' I think Richard Baker meant, '*Did* people write to you, care of the BBC etc.', but he didn't get a second chance. How's that for an artist who won't be drawn?

Theatre

Benedict Nightingale

Tomming

Grandma Faust *Almost Free*
Underarm Bowling *New End*
Out on a Limb *Vaudeville*
The Showman *Stratford East*

Invited to contribute to a lunchtime season called 'the American connection', John Arden gamely riposted with a long, rambling biography of the Irish patriot James Connolly, and Tom Stoppard with the satchelful of chummy gags about the British Parliament that the world now knows as *Dirty Linen*. Edward Bond is the only dramatist who seems to have taken the Almost Free's commission quite literally. His scene is the Mississippi, not the most appetising of basins, especially around midsummer. Then it is that pearled and painted termagants in bermuda shorts mince off to the sales, to be inveigled by sly men in Uncle Sam hats into buying the raw material for spare nigger elbows, fricassée of nigger, and those other delicacies that self-respecting folks apparently expect to accompany their hominy grits on Niggerfoot Pie Day. 'Hot diggety dog,' sings the auctioneer as they fork out what appears to be the going rate for a nice plump black: 30 silver dollars. That, as the very observant may already have worked out, is precisely what Judas got for selling Christ some 2,000 years ago. Inflation has evidently not hit the betrayal business as severely as it has everything else.

But the play's eye for change cannot be as dim as it sometimes seems. If a white Georgian can persuade southern blacks, of all constituencies, to give him their votes, their support and even their enthusiasm, something has clearly happened in redneck territory; and Bond must surely have heard the news. He must know that the Deep South isn't what it was only 10 or 15 years ago, and that those who seek racial aggro are more liable to find it in Boston or Blackburn than Atlanta or Birmingham, Ala. So Bond's 'American connection' has, after all, to be presumed as tenuous as that of Arden and Stoppard. Grandma Faust, snugly satanic in her wheelchair, may burble on like some cracked belle about 'purdy' this and 'purdy' that; Uncle Sam, in his red, white and blue lapels, may use words like 'irascitated'; and both of these sweet-talking supremacists may be united in malice against the body and soul of the same cotton-picking black, who himself may declare, in the regulation drawl, that 'ah hungry, sah, that's how ah know ah'm alahve'. This burlesque folksiness is, it appears, simply the metaphor Bond has chosen to embody his familiar plaint about the tendency of the monied and powerful, anywhere and anytime, to swindle the innocent, oppress the weak and subvert the good.

But metaphors have some obligation to be apt and effective. This one veers from the obvious to the arcane and back again: it might at times have been slapped onstage by the widow Mao at her more sloganising, at times sneaked aboard by a Confucian riddler from some earlier dynasty. Why is it that black Paul will sacrifice his soul if he looks into Uncle Sam's eyes and sees how 'long and grey' it is in there? And then there is the parody fight between the same two combatants, the one in which Sam slips a lead truncheon inside Paul's soul, which has eccentrically materialised in the form of a stuffed doll, and belabours Paul's head with it. Why do Sam and Grandma Faust get so distressed when their victim drops this droll object over the bars of the cage in which the tussle supposedly occurs? Perhaps Bond is advising those who wish to avoid spiritual contamination not to have the least truck, the slightest contact with society as it is presently misbegotten; perhaps not. Anyone who can conclude anything definite from the clotted evidence is doing well. I respected *Stone*, Bond's recent reworking of *The Pilgrim's Progess*, but his *buffo* Twain is more than I can bear; and I'll be glad when he abandons allegorical moralising for what he does well, character, plot and incident, the authentically apt and effective ingredients of *Saved*, *Lear*, *Bingo* and *The Fool*.

Henry Woolf, a beady, twinkling grandmum, turned up again last week, this time as a playwright of promise. His *Underarm Bowling*, about the serpents in a man-made Eden, has plenty of good moments, but seems insubstantial as a whole. For a more consistent attack on the same subject, try the title story of Ruth Prawer Jhabvala's *How I Became a Holy Mother*. Still, at least Mr Woolf tackles something a little offbeat, more than one can claim for the rest of a predictable week. Joyce Rayburn's *Out on a Limb* is a more than averagely cold-hearted comedy of marital infidelity, with one overstretched gimmick: hubby, who is Ian Carmichael in a vasectomy button, deceives wifie, Phyllida Law in a fluster, by leaving half a dummy sticking out from beneath his car. And *The Showman* is that venerable thunderer, *The Bells*, plus music, jokes and Ron Moody as an off-hand, ad-libbing mesmerist. 'This is the Theatre Royal, Stratford, not the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane,' I heard a defensive escort mutter to his disappointed partner in row J; and he was, of course, perfectly right. That breezy, slovenly, amiable but exasperating house-style could belong nowhere else.

Films

John Coleman

Coached

The Big Bus *Plaza 1*
Xala *Phoenix, East Finchley*
Shin Heike Monogatari *Everyman from 8 November*
Emmanuelle 2 *Casino; Eros; ABCs Fulham and Edgware Roads*

James Frawley's *The Big Bus* is a big nonsense, but, oh, for more of the same. Frawley has been associated in the past with Theodore Flicker, a noteworthy New York cabaret-cum-pub improviser, who himself turned director for *The President's Analyst*, to name only the one that has lodged in memory. It is against this background that our Mr Frawley should be set: he worked with Flicker on a zany film-fantasy by that Second City troupe *The Troublemaker*; subsequently made his own first features, *The Christian Licorice Store*, of which the name is enticing but the subject unknown to your reviewer, then manufactured *Kid Blue*, some three years ago, the sort of phoney Western – crammed with sent-up stereotypes – that warmed this icicled heart. Frawley's natural bent is to bend, to take a genre by the neck and wring it till tears of laughter come. That titular big bus, for instance, is a stand-in for a zeppelin, rocketship, pleasure-liner, Concorde or whatever, setting out on a disaster course. Nothing good can come of this (one has been taught to react), watching a warring married couple, a closet queen with a twitch, a strong-faced actress on the skids, a dwarf and a paraplegic embarking on a wide-screen voyage. The inspiration behind such movies is *Grand Hotel*, only now we have built-in travel and predictable engine-failure: Vicki Baum with a bomb and a boom.

And so a kind of babbling Mel Brooks is, literally, on the road. The jokes come thick and first, their main vehicle a nuclear-powered omnibus on its maiden trip from New York to Denver. The psychedelic item of transport, which opens out like an old cinematic homestead (the simple facade concealing enough room to throw a herd of bulls in, or Garland and Rooney doing their show), is long, very long, with a swimming-pool, a beaming pianist in its cocktail lounge, and two nutters – shades of chaps who flew through biplane films, and even

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of Heston out on a wing and a prayer – in complete uncontrol. Lynn Redgrave, for whom a mat inscribed welcome should be part of any proper man's furnishings, prances through like a sub-annuated Gloria Swanson, a nympho dress-designer who makes no bones about her wishes; Sally Kellerman is the distaff half of a couple on the brink of divorce who fall to public coupling at the drop of a searing word passing between them; there is a confused vet, who finds under stress that if he imaginatively strips away ears and hair and barks he can treat people; there is a fellow with a limited time-span (at which news the jovial pianist breaks into an extempore ballad, 'Six Months to Live'); there is a lovely stream of parody. 'What happened between the two of you is ancient history, Kitty,' breathes the bus's inventor, lying improbably on the local tarmac, kept there by a magnificently inept doctor. 'We're talking buses now, my girl.' Thus, out of the steamy mists of time, when the reject ate a foot after a crash ('I did *not* eat 120 passengers,' he keeps complaining), super bus-driver is recalled, but not before he has broken a milk carton preparatory to a parody of bar-brawls to end them all. Great credit to Fred Freeman and Lawrence J. Cohen who produced and wrote this charivari.

Sembene Ousmane is a Senegalese, hence French-speaking, African, in his fifties: fisherman, docker, trade union leader, novelist and film-maker. He has studied and worked in Paris and Russia. In his two previous films, *The Money Order* (caustic, funny) and *Emitai* (worthy, tedious), he has examined Franco-African society through the spectacles of *négritude*. *Xala*, made a couple of years ago and drawn from his own novel (to appear in paperback from Heinemann – £1.30 – on 15 November), is the kind of film one would castigate if it had been done by a white man, a litmus test of liberal sympathies. The title means impotence and the piece is directed, with the acid line implicit in the work of good caricaturists, against men on the make, in no matter what society. It is, though, in the tradition of such visual simplifications, grounded in a particular incident, a detailed society. The particulars, in fact, are its strength: two wives (of the same man) coming together in uneasy accord as he prepares to wed a third; a boardroom of blacks receiving natty briefcases full of bank-notes from their white inferiors; a wedding party during which the pathos of ostentation (car-keys, a TV set, the matter of status) is quite harshly rammed into the bathos of old-style patterns – the tiered cake has a throughly caucasian couple on top. No wonder a lady scornfully swipes them.

Ousmane is harsh on his own as an outsider couldn't be, pointing up that the larger bequest of departing colonials has been materialism: possessions become nine-tenths of the law. And by that empirical law the hero, El Hadji Aboukader Beye, a greying entrepreneur enacted to the grand, shifty manner born by Tierno Leye, metaphorically lives and dies. His crooked deals – in rice and other commodities – collapse; he fails to rise to the occasion of his third marriage night; he buys back virility from street-derelicts he has helped to beggar. At the end, they enact their revenge, in a spitting climax some may find too strong for their stomachs. The many little scenes that move towards this unexpected finale are really fine, a sight better than a glance at the prose of the book would have led one to anticipate. A nose-picking guest, an ultra-polite policeman, the women cruelly bantering: these stay as staunchly in the mind as that terrible, crawling last onslaught of beggars.

Mizoguchi, 20 years dead, was a very great Japanese director. I would be prepared to argue that he was one of the greatest directors we have known so far. Donald Richie, in his *Japanese Cinema*, says he was 'old-fashioned', by his home standards, in that he was both literary and painterly. 'He thought in terms of character rather than camera, and he composed his scenes in a pictorially pleasing manner.' Bypassing the contradictions in that statement from an authority, one uses it to emphasise the fundamental strengths of Mizoguchi's films. 'Tales of the Taira Clan', to give it the accepted translation, is set in 12th-century Japan, was one of the two period films for which this singular creator had colour available to him and was composed, in fact, a year before his death. It ought to be an object-lesson to would-be film-makers in its use of a variety of means to achieve ends.

That camera knows when to stay still, but when it moves it moves, glidingly, unassertively, with a difference. It would be dishonest to pretend that the plot as such is comfortably pursuable, but such cares are effectively banished by the authority of the set-pieces, from freelance battles – with arrows flying – to static, declamatory, downbeat moments: 'Samurai are only useful if kept impoverished,' claims a lordling and it is a theme that thrums on, down to a genteel daughter gently explaining, 'We can't earn a living with etiquette.' Mizoguchi had to learn a kind of underground technique during the difficult war years: it comes out as a bonus in this beautifully moving picture.

For those out of reach of reality, there is an interesting travelogue, with tits, called *Emmanuelle 2*. Documentary shots of Hong Kong, Bangkok, Bali and points east are infuriatingly interrupted by people engaged in sex, way below climax.

Design

Drusilla Beyfus

Home Grown

The official frost on buying imported goods in the shops, and the approved nod in the direction of British-made, may cause speculation. Is blind patriotism enough? The reason why I prefer the idea of a German fitted kitchen or Italian furniture and lighting or French cooking utensils is the calibre of the design itself. British-made goods are certainly cheaper and a lot of mass-produced merchandise represents value for money. But in many ways that impinge sharply on consumer consciousness, our goods continue to suffer from design deprivation. The calculation simply gets left out, like a poor relation.

This need not be the case. In Britain we cultivate promising young designers as other nations produce technicians. Our young generation of trained designers are characterised by deft and daring skills and abilities. Notably in the domestic field of textiles, glass, ceramics, graphics and jewellery, many student and workshop exercises are of real interest. One I saw this week at the Design Centre for example showed convertible adaptable seating designs for a combined dining/living room chair – just what is needed in a room with no room; but the chair is untraceable in the shops. Too many inspired ideas doomed for oblivion can be glimpsed en route at the diploma and degree shows at British art schools. 'Barely a soul from the Potteries turned up', lamented a lecturer at the Royal College of Art.

If we prefer to neglect our embryonic talent the same cannot be said of the response abroad. British designers habitually win gold medals in international contests. European management, with its greater awareness of the marketing potential of good design, seems to find what it is look-

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ing for among seeded British recruits – Philips Electrical and Olivetti are two international names in this field. There is an interesting new twist to the view that foreigners deserve the designers they get from Britain. Sometimes we are engaged in buying back the fruits of our brain drain at vastly inflated prices. Scratch a smart imported label, it is sometimes said, and you're more and more likely to find that the skills sustaining a reputation for competitive excellence are British-trained. Sometimes designers must first show their wares abroad in order to attract home-based orders. For example, one specialised group of British textile designers, Design-In, who might logically have displayed their wares in some handy spot like London or Manchester, shrewdly set their sights further afield. In Amsterdam their designs sold wonderfully well to British buyers. It is a small point but a pointer.

Setting aside in one majestic sweep the obvious reasons why we should make better use of our design power – the squandering of intelligence, the nuttily weak links between the export drive and the dynamics of good design, and so on – perhaps the clinching argument should rest on tomorrow's priorities. As we prepare for the age of leisure, whether enforced by good times or bad, so a new value may be set on artefacts, equipment decorations that are rich in fantasy, humour and personal choice. It is in this uncharted creative field of playfulness and pleasure that many young designers work with trapeze-like confidence. If three-dimensional jokes and time-spinning toys are to become part of man's basic habitat, Britain can deliver the goods.

On a more practical and immediate level and in the field of home furnishing in particular, our major producers will need to look beyond the beautiful pattern books of the past. The styling of bedlinens, furnishing fabrics, tableware and ceramics is currently stuck in the groove of nostalgia which is in danger of flooding the market with fancy florals. A rose is a rose is only too true. Admittedly, many of these traditional images are delectable to the eye and have the commercial advantage of visual familiarity. But somewhere along the production line change and variety must make a bid for it. Tomorrow's customers are likely to be more selective, if only because the price difference between the quality product and the cheaper line is narrowing by the hour. And, traditionally, the selective eye requires choice.

In small studios and workshops up and down the country there are craftsmen and women with special skills of value to the big manufacturers of ceramics and glass and oven-to-tableware. The form and feel of the hand-crafted piece simulated on the production line is already big business and due to become bigger with the recent emphasis on casual informal living styles. Perhaps more use should be made of this reserve of specialised knowledge which at present is largely confined to small studio potteries making the one-off piece. Putting rough bubbles back into glass, retaining the earthy attributes of clay, developing simple shapes and suitable glazes are all home-stretch subjects for non-plastic, real-life craftsman. And now plastics have come into it, there is an industry which should execute some brisk P.R. on its lacklustre image. The phrase 'a bit plastic', meaning artificial, characterless, flat, might with due design care and discretion, come to symbolise something else again.

In many respects industry is as critical of the attitude of our young designers as the students are of aspects of industrial practice. The basis of the employers' objections is that design training is too arty, centred on creativity and self-expression at the expense of the technological and marketing demands of industry today. Teachers come in for heavy criticism too, on the grounds that they have little, if any, practical contact with the manufacturing process and that they tend to alienate students from the whole idea of marketing and product making. As one employer told me: 'Your typical art college leaver regards Stoke and Staffordshire as purgatory, thinks Small is Beautiful and is only seriously interested in undertaking commissions to do his own small thing.'

Lord Queensbury, Professor of Ceramics and Glass, in his address to the Royal Society, pointed out that many fine-arts students are now drawing national assistance and that some of his own pupils may be in danger of a similar fate if they persist in ignoring the needs of modern industry. 'How many students,' he asks, 'bother to write to such big firms as Hoover or Screiber or G-Plan?' he asks.

One overriding factor dominates: the critical need for an early-warning system detecting talent in the offing. And not merely discovering promise and leaving it at that. To get the best out of raw design skills, industry needs to encourage the cultivating hand of design development, to employ good people who are able to look at strangely interesting new work and see how to extract the best from it. Fresh initiatives might stem from a new appointment shortly to be announced. The Royal College of Art is to offer the first chair in Design Management. With due respect, they should think Sam Goldwyn.

Weekend Competition

No 2437 Set by John Hambley

During the Tory Conference there were several references in the press to the Leader of the Opposition enjoying a confection called Margaret Thatcher Marmalade with her breakfast. Competitors are urged to comment on its distinctive flavour and ingredients, or to invent other sauces, relishes or savouries for other public figures – with suitable comment. About 120 words by 19 November.

Result of No 2434 Set by Tim Hopkins

It's said that IQ tests are free of all cultural bias. We wanted a sample of the teasers that had to be excluded for cultural reasons.

Report by Spiro Keats

Uh-oh: it seems that the national thirst for mediocrity is invading one of the last bastions of all that is civilised and agreeable – the NEW STATESMAN Weekend Competition. It wasn't enough, do you see, just to have *hard* IQ-test questions. Since when has mere ignorance been a question of cultural nuance? (Since about 1970, actually – but that's another comp altogether.) I think you'll find that this week's winners obediently followed Mr Hopkins's unequivocal directive: to jeer – now obliquely, now straightforwardly – at the socially or genetically ill-equipped. There aren't that many of you, so £2.50 per squib.

Rearrange these words into a well known saying:

Only is German good a the German dead

Complete the following sequence:

Eeny : meeny : miny : mo : catch : a :

Convert *dog* to *won* in two stages, without using the word *don*.

MORAY MCGOWAN

If all the horses in a £1.00 e.w. Yankee, triple dead-heat at 7/2 on, in 6 horse handicaps, would the difference between the total betting tax due and the place returns be greater than one-sixth of the untaxed win trebles at two-thirds the odds?

In a quinella based on fully multiplied S.P. odds, what would the lowest odds be on any one dog, if the returns on the last forecast were 47 per cent of the first forecast and the second-leg value carried forward was £467.50 on a 10 pence stake?

RUSSELL LUCAS

Comprehensive is to independent as proletarian is to (.....)

White is to black as good is to (.....)

T. GRIFFITHS

If a's estate, net, was equal to b's, gross, but x is the duty avoided by covenant and gift devolution for a and y is the overseas exemption for b and the Treasury was in receipt of 12 million 1959 pounds sterling from their combined estates, what annual income did a enjoy?

GEORGE MOOR

Multiply the number of Shostakovitch quartets by the number of Haydn symphonies; then subtract the number of Black Riders from Mordor, and multiply the result by the number of Shakespearean plays in the First Quarto. Subtract the sum of the following: the number of Psalms, *Sonnets from the Portuguese*, the Who, the Norns, Hydra's legs, and the opus number of Beethoven's *Waldstein* Sonata. Multiply the result of this subtraction by the number of novels by Virginia Woolf, dividing the resultant answer by the number of Chopin mazurkas. Is your answer greater or less that the answer to the multiplication of the number of pictures in *The Rake's Progress* to the number of concertos by Vivaldi? Is the difference between these two figures greater or less than the number of bars in Beethoven's Ninth Symphony multiplied by the number of Corgis at present owned by H.M. The Queen?

E. O. PARROTT

Find the odd man out:

(i) Gertrude Stein, Jock Stein, Einstein, Epstein.

(ii) Martin Fagg, M. Mutton, E. O. Parrott, Adam Khan.

M. MUTTON

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Tony Miles

Chess

No 6 Interzonal Qualifiers – 2

The eight qualifiers for the candidates matches are likely to be Fischer, Hort, Korchnoi, Larsen, Mecking, Petrosian, Polugayevsky and Portisch.

Even after four and a half years out of competitive chess Fischer is still the most likely to qualify to meet Karpov, if he decides to take part. Apart from the former champion the most likely winner must be Korchnoi, a fine match player and fierce competitor who may well return to his best form now that he has solved his 'other' problems. The ex-world champion Petrosian is, at 47, supposedly past his best, but he does have an unbeaten record against Karpov.

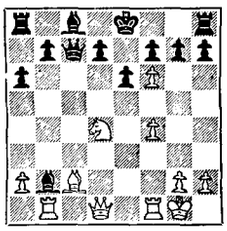
Of the others Mecking, the youngest, has the best chance and should improve on his last showing when he was comfortably removed by Korchnoi. Larsen, I think, is better suited to tournament than match play. Portisch is a fine player who could trouble anyone. Hort is making his first appearance at this stage of the championship cycle which might tell against him, and Polugayevsky, whilst always dangerous, might be suspect temperamentally when under pressure.

This week's game was played at Las Palmas last year.

White: F. Visier. Black: H. Mecking.

1. P-Q4, N-KB3; 2. P-QB4, P-K3; 3. N-QB3, B-N5; 4. P-K3, P-B4; 5. B-Q3, N-B3; 6. N-B3, B x N ch; 7. P x B, P-Q3; 8. P-K4, P-K4; 9. P-Q5, N-K2; 10. N-R4, P-KR3; 11. P-B4, N-N3; 12. N x N, P x N; 13. 0-0, 0-0; 14. P-B5. Better than the 14. P x P of one of the famous Spassky-Fischer games. **14. . . . P-QN4!?; 15. P-N4, QNP x P; 16. B-B2, Q-R4; 17. Q-B3, P x P; 18. NP x P, B-Q2; 19. K-R1, K-R1; 20. R-KN1, QR-N1; 21. Q-N2.** Possibly more accurate is 21. Q-R3. **21. . . . R-B2; 22. Q-N6, QR-KB1; 23. B x P.** On quieter moves . . . B-R5 causes problems. **23. . . . P x B. 24. Q x P ch, N-R2; 25. P-B6, Q x BP; 26. QR-KB1, R-KN1; 27. R x R ch, K x R; 28. R-N1 ch, K-R1; 29. R-N7, Q-K8 ch; 30. K-N2, B-R6 ch!; 31. K x B, Q-B8 ch; 32 K-N3, Q-N8 ch; 33. K-R3, R x R; 34. P x R ch, K-N1; 35. Q-K6 ch, K x P; 36. Q-K7 ch, K-R3; 37. Q-R4 ch, K-N3; 38. Q-N3 ch, N-N4 ch; 39. K-R4, Q-K8!; 4. B-N1.** A curious position. If 40. Q x Q, N-B6 ch followed by . . . N x Q and the BP wins. If 40. K-N4, Q-K7 ch. 41. K-R4, Q-R4 mate, so white has no sensible move. **40. . . . P-B6; 41. Resigns.**

Problem 6:
Black played 1. . . . Q-N3 forcing white to give up the exchange by 2. R x B. Could he instead win a piece by 1. . . . B x N ch; 2. Q x B, Q x B?



Solution to Problem 4
1. R-Q3!! and if (a) **. . . Q x R; 2. P-N6!, BP x P; 3. B x P ch, R x B; 4. R-B8ch, K x P; 5. B-R6 mate.** or (b) **. . . Q-B3; 2. R x R, Q x R; 3. P-N6!, BP x P; 4. R-B8ch!, R x R; 5. Q x Pch!, K x Q; 6. P x R = N ch!, K-N2; 7. N x Q** with a won ending. The game, Gross v Hort, concluded **7 . . . P-N4?;** (B x P is a better try) **8. N-B5, B-B1; 9. B x P,** Resigns. or (c) **. . . Q x P; 4. R x R, Q-R8 ch; 5. K-N3, Q-N8 ch; 6. K-R4** winning.

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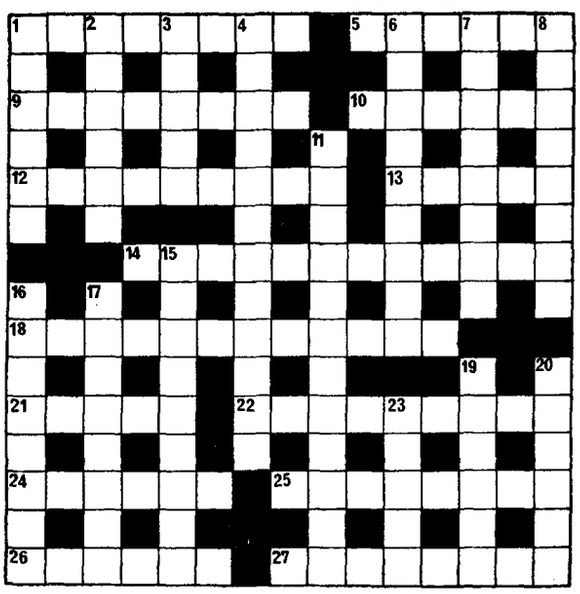
Weekend Crossword 1189

PRIZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1189, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 16 Nov.



ACROSS

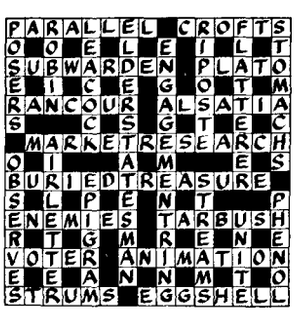
1. A boy and it develop into a defensive substance (8).
5. Fungus used to make a cigar (6).
9. Abandon one's rule and cite a bad translation (8).
10. Possibly run and see just to make certain (6).
12. It is a lucky thing animals work with a farm implement (9).
13. Subject for a town (5).
14. Sensational musical about a river turning back (12).
18. Considering what might be edible before making a valuation (12).
21. One comes between a child and a woman (5).
22. A danger is lurking in the shrubs (9).
24. American certainly about to be brought back in darkness (6).
25. Swapped for a clever person caught in an outhouse (8).
26. 'Thine azure —— of the spring shall blow' (Shelley) (6).
27. Sweet things from a speech by Casson (8).

DOWN

1. The ruffian who discovers an old man in pain (6).
2. Kings buried at Stroud (6).
3. German makes us hear foolish talk (5).
4. Pluck of a wife as old as we are — about a hundred (5, 7).
6. Man of honour provides information on mental disorder (9).
7. Gambling is in a way permitted (8).
8. A small table for belief (8).
11. Hiding place for unknown artist? (6, 6).
15. Window opening makes me look up certain about the bar being broken (9).
16. 'Doomed like —— and the labouring ships' (Yeats) (8).
17. Part of Europe where a freed serf holds the soil (8).
19. Plant which is to be removed from the public henceforward (6).
20. Soft words for a fish in strange seas (6).
23. Praise for appearing in next Olympic games (5).

SETSQUARE

Solution to No 1187



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PERSONAL cont. on p. 655

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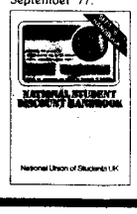

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NEW STATESMAN

Vol. 92 No. 2381

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Theatres

ABADABA MUSIC HALL: have you been to the Star and Garter? 4 Lower Richmond Road (Putney Bridge). Every Wed.-Sat. 8 for 8.30. Details 789 6749. And still at 'Pindar of Wakefield'.

ALMOST FREE THEATRE, 9 Rupert Street, W1. 01-485 6224. Opening 25 Oct. 'A-A-America' (two new plays) by Edward Bond. In repertoire 1.15 daily.

HAMPSTEAD THEATRE, 722 9301. 'A Seventh Man' by Adrian Mitchell. Prevs till Sat. 8 p.m., opens 8 Nov. 7 p.m. Subs eves 8 p.m. Sats. 5 & 8 p.m.

LYTTELTON (New National Theatre) 928 2252. Tonight, tomorrow, Mon., Wed. 7.45 Tues. 7 'The Force of Habit' by Thomas Bernhard. Thurs. 2.30 & 7.45 'Blithe Spirit'. Over 100 excellent £1 seats on sale day of perf. from 8.30 a.m. Car park open eve performances.

ROYAL COURT. 730 1745. Eves 8, Sats. 5 & 8.30 p.m. Mustapha Matura's 'Rum an' Coca Cola'.

ARTS THEATRE. 836 3334
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OLIVIER (New National Theatre) 928 2252. Tonight, Mon., Tues. 7.30, Sat. 2.15 & 7.30 'Il Campiello' by Carlo Goldoni, Thurs. 6 p.m. 'Tamburlaine the Great'. Over 130 excellent £1 seats on sale day of perf. from 8.30 a.m. Car park open eves.

THEATRE ROYAL, WINDSOR. 95 61107. 'Arsenic and Old Lace' by Joseph Kesselring, with Barbara Mullen, Mary Kerridge & Francis Matthews.

VANBRUGH THEATRE CLUB. 5-10 Nov. In repertory Molière's 'The Misanthrope', Congreve's 'Love for Love'. Details RADA, 62 Gower St, WC1. 01-637 7076.

Poetry

'NO LAND LIKE IT'. On the occasion of Israeli Book Week, the National Book League, in association with the Jewish Quarterly, presents, on Mon. 8 Nov. at 7 p.m. 'No Land Like It', a programme of Anglo-Jewish Poetry and Israeli (Hebrew & Arabic) Poetry in translation, selected by Anthony Rudolph and read by him & actress *Elaine Ives-Cameron, Alan Silitoe,* Ruth Fainlight & Keith Bosley, will also read. 7 Albemarle St, W1. Admission free.

Exhibitions

L. S. LOWRY. Original lithographs, his only graphic work £235 plus VAT. Ganymed, 11 Gt Turnstile, WC1. 405 9836.

Meetings

THE CITY UNIVERSITY

Gresham College
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GRESHAM LECTURES IN LAW

Thursdays at 6 p.m., 11, 18 and 25 November 1976 at Gresham College.

Three one hour lectures by Professor C. M. Schmitthoff entitled 'English Law and European Community Law'

Admission free, open to the public.

FABIAN AUTUMN LECTURE: Wednesday 10 November. 'The Moral Basis of Socialism'. John Mackintosh MP. 7.30 p.m. Claremarket Building, Room C.018, London School of Economics, Houghton St, WC2. Tickets at door 50p or from Administrative Officer, Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth St, London SW1.

A MALAYSIAN EVENING in the presence of the High Commissioner for Malaysia. Sat. 6 Nov. 6.30 for 7.30. Traditional dancing: Fashion show: Film and slides: Exhibition: Cookery competition: Sale of silver, pewter, handicrafts and orchids: Kite auction. Food by Rumah Makan for sale. Entrance £1 (75p in advance). Focus Group, Royal Commonwealth Society, Northumberland Ave, WC2. 930 6733.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON: The 1976 Stamp *Memorial Lecture will be given by Sir Eric* Roll, KCMG, CB, PhD, entitled: 'Economics, Government and Business' at the University of London, Senate House, (Beveridge Hall), Malet Street, London WC1E 7HU on Thursday, 11 Nov. at 5.30 p.m. Admission free, without ticket. Academic Registrar.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON: A lecture entitled: 'Planning Problems in Bangladesh' will be given by Professor John R. James, CB, OBE, (University of Sheffield) on 9 November, 1976 at The London School of Economics (Old Theatre), Houghton Street, London WC2A 2AE at 5 p.m. Admission free, without ticket. Academic Registrar.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON: A lecture entitled 'The Words for the Hours and the Meals of the Day in Germanic Languages' will be given by Professor Bertil Ejder (University of Lund) at University College London (Gustave Tuck Theatre), Gower Street, London WC1 at 6 p.m. on Tuesday 9 November, 1976. Admission free, without ticket. Academic Registrar.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE LONDON, (Gower Street, WC1E 6BT). Free Public Lectures, Autumn Term 1976. Wed. 10 Nov. at 5.30, William Townsend Memorial Lecture by Professor Sir Leslie Martin, 'Aspects of Art and Architecture: Forty Years in Retrospect'. Thurs. 2 Dec. at 5.30, Neale Lecture in English History by Mr Keith Thomas, 'The Place of Laughter in Tudor and Stuart England'. Tues. 7 Dec. at 5.30, Rickman Godlee Lecture by Professor H. R. Trevor-Roper, 'The Union of England and Scotland'.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON: A lecture entitled: 'Industrial Non-injuries, Non-Industrial Injuries and the Industrial Injuries Scheme' will be given by Professor H. G. Calvert (University College, Cardiff) at Queen Mary College, (Laws Building), 339 Mile End Road, London E1 on 11 November 1976 at 5.15 p.m. Admission free, without ticket. Academic Registrar.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON: A lecture entitled: 'War in the Theory and Practice of National Socialism, 1919-1945' will be given by Professor Dr Hans-Adolf Jacobsen (University of Bohn) at King's College (New Theatre) Strand, London WC2R 2LS on 12 November 1976 at 5.15 p.m. Admission free, without ticket. Academic Registrar.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE LONDON, Gower St, WC1E 6BT. Lunch Hour Lectures, 1.20 to 2. Admission free. 9 Nov. 'House of Eszterhazy (Haydn's stay in Hungary)'; 'The Prettiest Village in England – Castle Combe'; 'Concertissimo' (Hungarian cartoon); 11 Nov. 'Probability and the Law' by Professor D. V. Lindley.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE LONDON, Gower St, WC1. Department of German, Public Lectures, 12 noon. Admission free. 12 Nov. 'Der Hochstapler und der Blechtrammler: Die Wiederkehr der Scelme im deutschen Roman' by Professor Albrecht Schoene.

KEYNES SEMINAR: University of Kent, Friday 19 November, 2 p.m, Professor B. A. Corry, Sir Alec Cairncross, Dr R. Skidelsky and Professor M. Cranston discuss Keynes and Laissez-Faire. Admission free. Details from the Master's Secretary, Keynes College, University of Kent, Canterbury.

DR HENRI LABORIT will give a lecture on "Bases biologiques des comportements sociaux" on Tuesday 9 November at 6.15 p.m. at the French Institute, Queensberry Place, London, SW7. Tel: 01-589 6211 ext. 38. Admission free.

AFRICA CENTRE: Jazz Poetry and Africa. Ted Joans, black American jazz poet, will read recent poems on Africa. Thurs. 11 Nov. 6.30 p.m. African Theatre Workshop. Mainly for teachers. Practical and theoretical ideas for using African plays in classroom. Led by Martin Banham, Director of Workshop Theatre, Leeds University. African lunch available: £1. Fee: £2.20 Sat. 13 November 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Limited places, so ring Margy Brearley to book, 38 King Street, WC2. 836 1976.

'WELFARE IN BRITAIN' discussion. All welc. London Young Humanists, 13 Prince of Wales Terr., W8. Sun. 7 Nov. 7.30 p.m.

US & LATIN AMERICA: post election prospectives. Spkrs incl. Christopher Roper & Phil. Agee. Thurs. 11 Nov. 7 p.m. Contemporary Archive on Latin America, 1 Cambridge Terr., London NW1. 487 5277. free.

HONOUR THE BOLSHEVIK Revolution. Public meeting organised by the Communist Party of Britain (Marxist-Leninist) to remember the first successful workers' state in the world, the greatness of Lenin and Stalin and the subsequent betrayal of the revolution by the present revisionist regime. Friday, 5 November at Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., Holborn, WC1. 7.30 p.m.

C.I.A. IN JAMAICA! Massive political murders! Hear: Phil Agee, former CIA operative; Stuart Hall & Richard Hart, Jamaican writers; Arthur Latham MP; at LSE, Old Theatre, Houghton St, WC2. 7.30 p.m. Fri. 12 Nov. Members, Concerned Americans Abroad.

UNITY THEATRE, 722 9089. Members Meeting and Social. Labour Party Rooms, 8 Camden Rd, NW1. Sat. 13 Nov. 7.30 p.m.

BEYOND THE PERSONALITY: Energy, Awareness and You. A lecture/demonstration with audience participation with Swami Anand Somendra (ex-Michael Barnett). Cost £2.50, at Hampstead Town Hall, Haverstock Hill, NW3. Fri. 5 November, 7.30 p.m. Phone Community, 01-359 1372 for details.

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London W11
01-229 8912

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BUDDHIST SOCIETY, 58 Eccleston Square, London SW1. Sat. 6 Nov. 3 p.m. 'Open Day'. Tues. 9 Nov. 6.30 p.m. 'Introducing Buddhism'. Wed. 10 Nov. 6.30 p.m. Public Lecture 'Tibetan Buddhism' – Ven. Lama Chime Rinpoche. All welcome. Send s.a.e for full programme.

THEOSOPHY, Sun. 7 Nov. 8 p.m. 'God and Man'. Free. Sa.e., free pamphlet, book list, ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2 3AL

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Courses

REPORT FROM CHINA. A weekend residential course 12/14 November. Two Sinologists report upon their visit earlier this year. Details: Box E. Extra-Mural Dept, University of Manchester M13 9PL.

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